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FEBRUARY 2014

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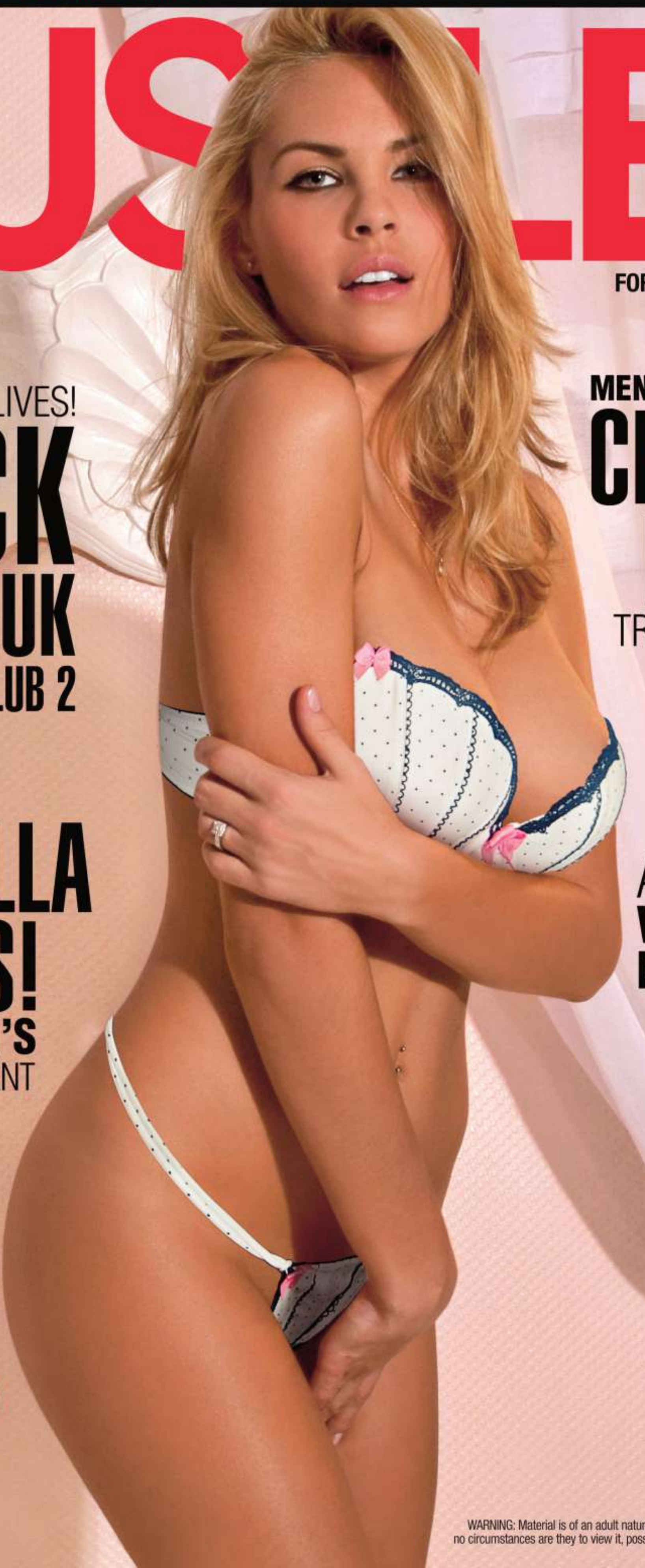

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One Bottle at a Time

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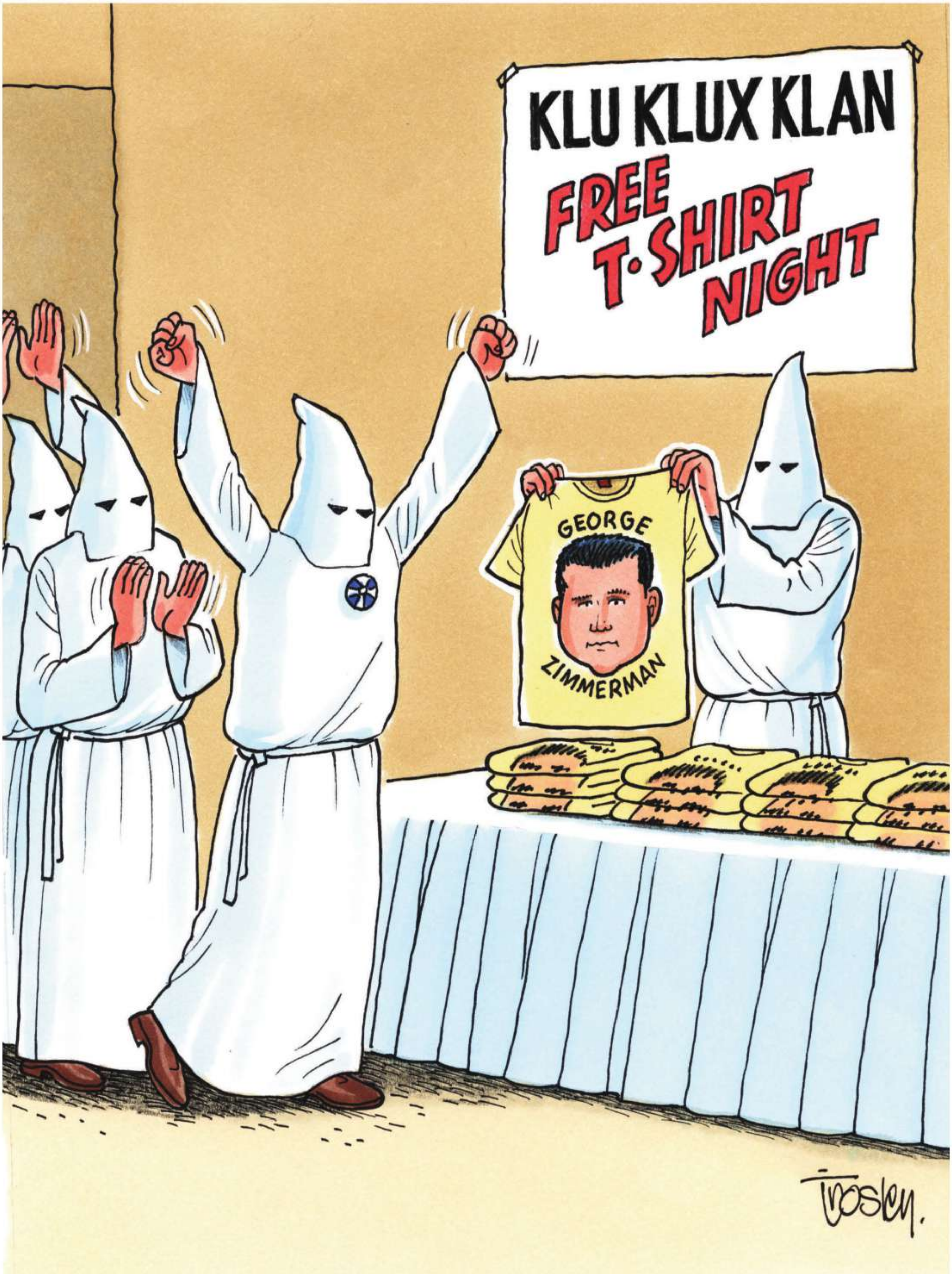
KLU KLUX KLAN
FREE T·SHIRT NIGHT
GEORGE ZIMMERMAN
Tjoslen.

FEBRUARY 2014
Volume 40 Number 8
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HUSTLER®

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Cover photo by Emmanuel Fouquet

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ORDER IN THE COURT

I know from personal experience that the most important thing a U.S. President can do is use his power to appoint judges to our country's most powerful courts. Long after the chief executive has left office, the justices will still be there, making decisions that will affect every aspect of our lives.

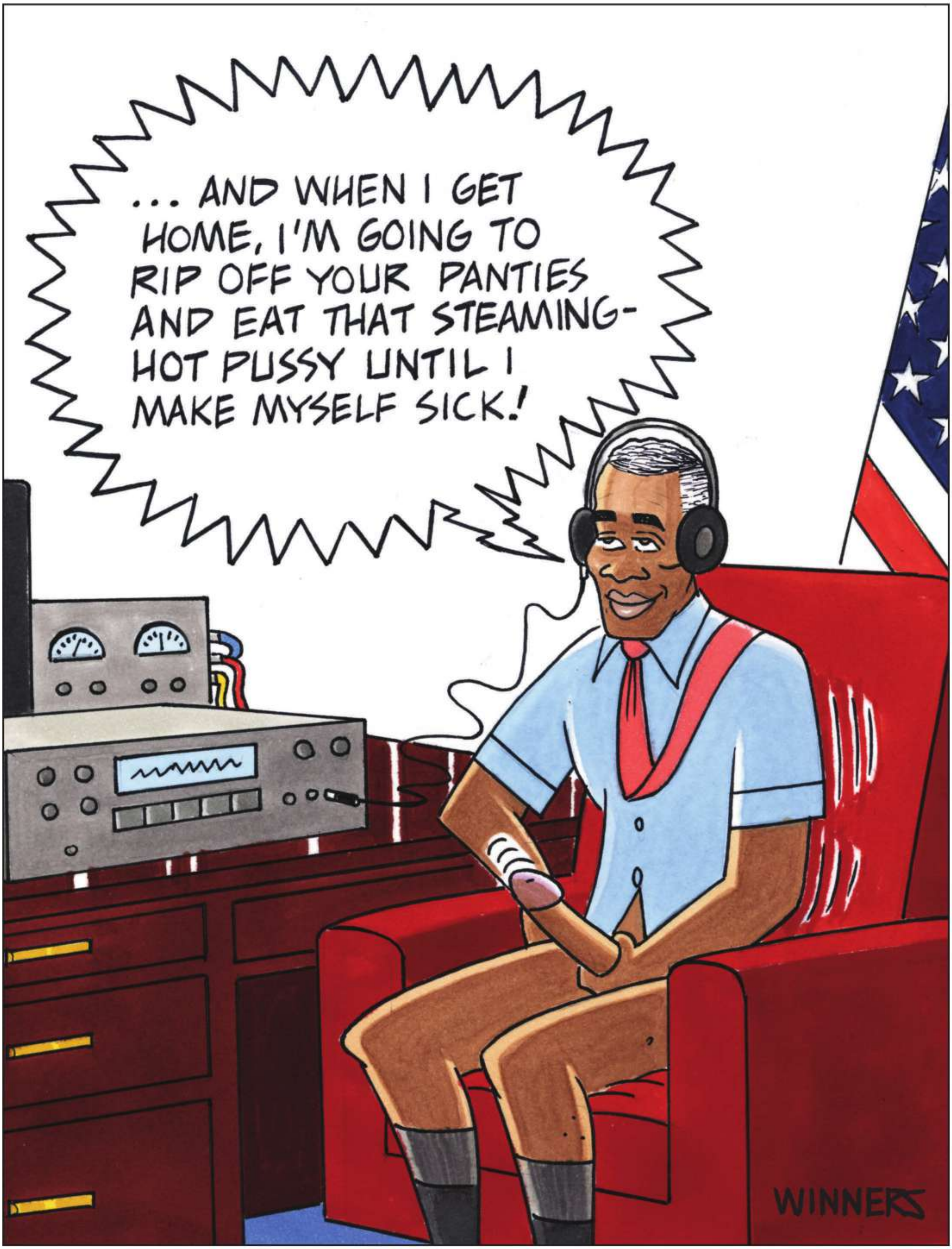
That's why obstructionist Republicans in Congress have been obsessed with blocking Obama's appointees to the District of Columbia Circuit Court of Appeals, even going so far as to nonsensically claim the President is trying to pack the court. In reality, the most influential benches in the land still lean conservative, and Obama won't be able to change that before his adminstration ends. In the case of the Supreme Court, that imbalance could well be remedied by Obama's successor. Another reason to vote Democrat in 2016.

In a perfect world it wouldn't matter who appoints whom, since judges are supposed to interpret the law impartially, free of personal bias and political pressure. But as we've seen in Supreme Court rulings, politics infects everything—especially in D.C.

Our civil liberties are constantly under attack. It is more vital than ever to make sure our courts are politically and culturally balanced. I call on the President to push back against the Republicans and put his imprint on our court system. And I call on constituents throughout the country to let your representatives know: Obama's appointees to our courts must be confirmed.

The President's place in history is secure. Let's make sure his judicial legacy is equally lasting.

Larry Flynt
Publisher


... AND WHEN I GET HOME, I'M GOING TO RIP OFF YOUR PANTIES AND EAT THAT STEAMING-HOT PUSSY UNTIL I MAKE MYSELF SICK!
WINNERS

OBAMA EAVESDROPPING ON A MICHAEL DOUGLAS PHONE CALL

JUST BLOW THE RIGHT WHISTLE

INSIDERS ARE ROUTINELY ALLOWED TO REVEAL GOVERNMENT SECRETS, BUT ONLY IF THEY BOLSTER THE BIG LIE.

Americans love to be lied to; otherwise Edward Snowden would be a wildly popular national hero. Same for Bradley Manning, Glenn Greenwald, Julian Assange and others who risk their freedom to inform us about the myriad ways we are continually deceived by our government. These whistleblowers are performing a public service. They're democracy's lifeblood, nourishing the essential ingredient that our proclaimed form of governance requires: an informed public. If we are ignorant, our votes mean nothing.

In exposing lies and government misdeeds, the whistleblowers revealed that our leaders are not always virtuous. Snowden has been accused of espionage because he exposed the vast spying network that our own government conducts against us. How can it be that a truth teller who seeks to protect our rights is judged the criminal, not the government officials who brazenly subvert the Constitution?

Our government lies to us frequently and conceals that fact by classifying as "top secret" any and all embarrassing information. However, those so-called secrets are routinely leaked to the news media whenever it serves the purpose of the White House, an agency or one of its officials. Anonymous sourcing of stories attributing information to those not cleared to reveal what they are telling is the norm. During my years working as a reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, anonymous sources babbled about the most sensitive subjects of national security or anything else they wanted publicized.

An example I cite often was a personal experience in 1985. After exiting a plane in San Jose, California, I ran into Edward Teller, the famed physicist and "father of the H-bomb," whom I had interviewed several times. Teller was then adviser to President Reagan on his pet Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), dubbed "Star Wars," and I was on my way to Stanford University to participate in an arms-control seminar.

Teller was very eager to tell me about the great results of a top-secret test—code-named Cottage—involving the nuclear-driven X-ray laser that was at the heart of SDI. If Teller's claim were true, this would be the most important development in the U.S.-Soviet arms race and a boon to Reagan's preposterous idea of implementing a defense system that would zap any incoming nuclear warhead as it traveled through space.

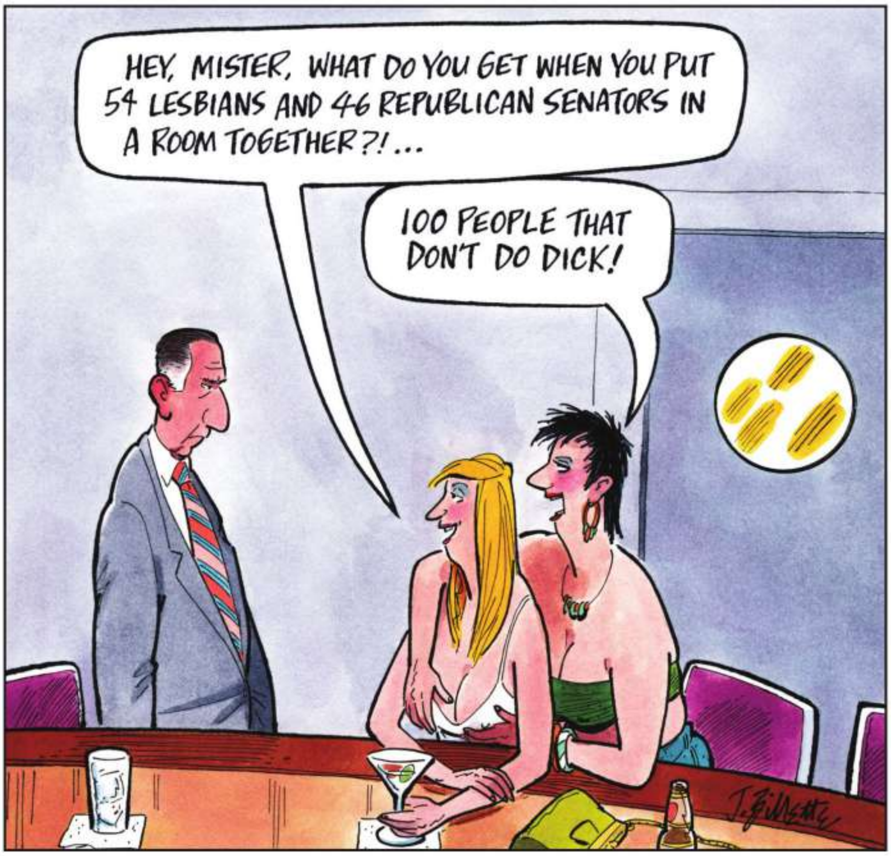
I am sure that Teller intended for me to share this information with others at the Stanford seminar, some of whom, like myself, did not have security clearance. And he probably expected that as a journalist covering arms-control issues, I would break this major story in the *Los Angeles Times*, and from there it would be reported nationwide and around the world.

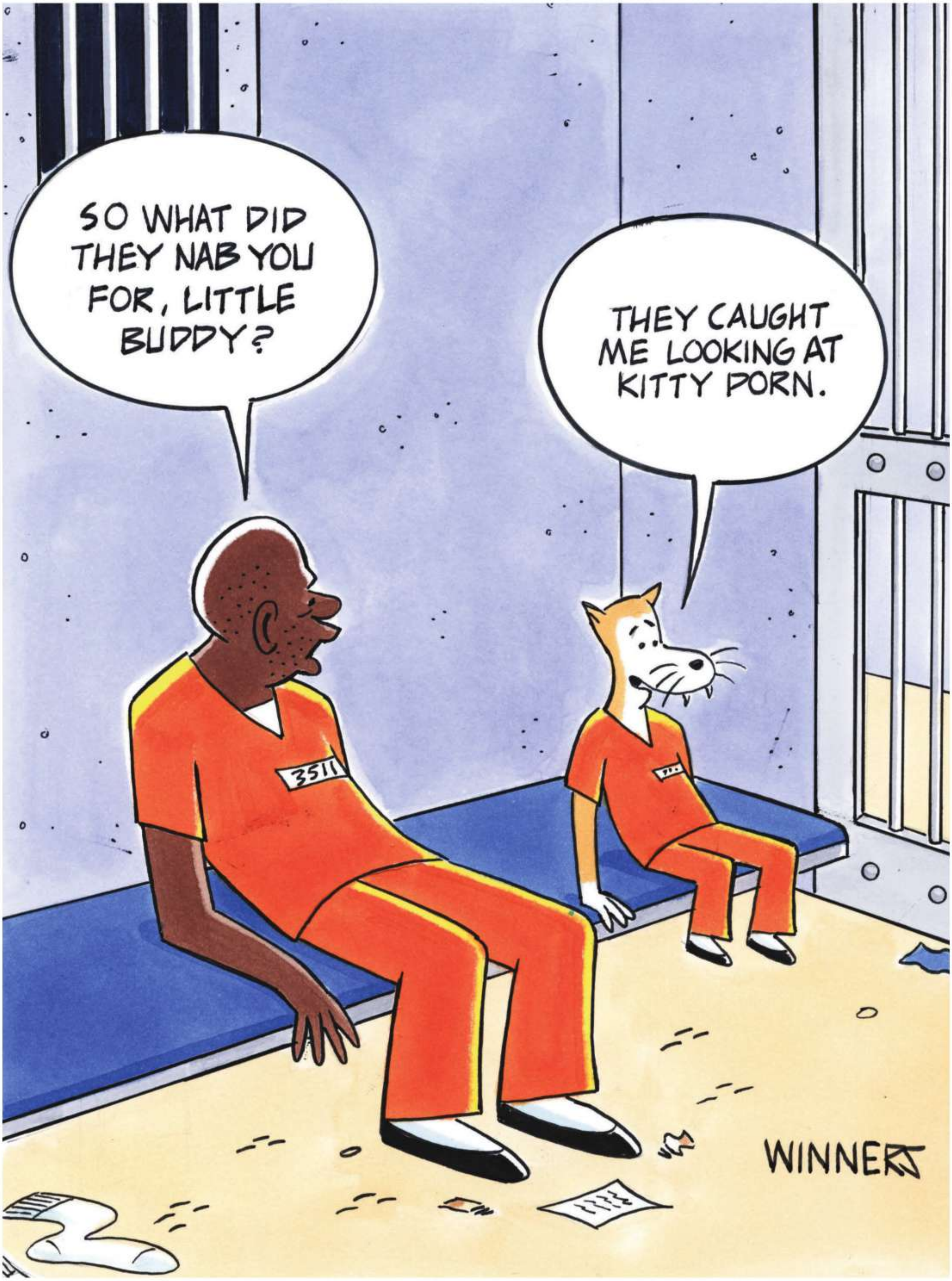
If Teller had been correct—a nuclear-weapons lab had indeed masterminded an X-ray laser—it was our country's most vital military secret and therefore the one piece of information that the Soviets would most want to secure. It turned out that Teller's report of Cottage's success was erroneous, the machines monitoring the multimillion-dollar test had proved faulty, and the hunt for the X-ray laser was going nowhere.

My point is that it was information Teller and others bandied about to back up the argument for a weapons system that the military-industrial complex wanted. Because the leak supported rather than undermined the Reagan Administration's hawkish position, Teller wasn't punished for his indiscretion. Whistleblowers like Snowden are only branded as criminals when the information they disclose sabotages rather than supports the Pentagon's warmongers.

Edward Snowden could have sat in a Honolulu bar with any reporter who cared to hear him chat endlessly about how he just loved his job nailing the bad guys. He could have revealed information about the success of our antiterrorism surveillance program and never been the subject of an investigation. He is instead a hunted enemy because he told us that the United States government was screwing rather than protecting us. In other words, just leak the good news, and you'll be an honored public servant.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stickup: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*


HEY, MISTER, WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU PUT 54 LESBIANS AND 46 REPUBLICAN SENATORS IN A ROOM TOGETHER?!...
100 PEOPLE THAT DON'T DO DICK!


SO WHAT DID THEY NAB YOU FOR, LITTLE BUDDY?
THEY CAUGHT ME LOOKING AT KITTY PORN.
3511
WINNERS

ACLU THOUGHT POLICE?

THE ORGANIZATION'S RESPONSE TO THE ACQUITTAL OF GEORGE ZIMMERMAN PUTS IT ON A SLIPPERY SLOPE.

I have long expressed admiration for the American Civil Liberties Union for ardently defending the Constitution in our legislatures and courts, including the Supreme Court. Since September 2001 the ACLU has had a much tougher task thanks to the Bush-Cheney and Obama administrations. At times, however, I have strongly disagreed with ACLU Executive Director Anthony Romero. Such was the case after a jury acquitted Florida neighborhood watch volunteer George Zimmerman—on grounds of self-defense—of fatally shooting Trayvon Martin. Romero wrote to Attorney General Eric Holder Jr. and said "it is imperative that the Department of Justice thoroughly examine whether the Martin shooting was a federal civil-rights violation or hate crime."

Years ago I had a particularly long, fierce argument with Romero. I tried to explain that giving a convicted defendant additional prison time for a so-called hate crime violates the First Amendment because it imposes punishment of *thoughts*, not actions.

I brought James Madison into my argument with Romero. He was the Founding Father who introduced the Bill of Rights—including what came to be the First Amendment—to Congress. Madison had previously written to Thomas Jefferson after the Virginia Statute on Religious Freedom was passed: "We have in this country extinguished forever…making laws for the human mind." No American, Madison emphasized later, would be punished for his "thoughts."

By urging that Zimmerman be prosecuted again, Romero disregards the Fifth Amendment, which unequivocally stipulates: "nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy."

Suddenly, though, Breitbart.com reported that Romero was not speaking for the entire ACLU. Laura Murphy, director of its Washington office, sent a letter to Attorney General Holder. She said: "We are writing to clearly state the ACLU's position on whether or not the Department of Justice should consider bringing federal civil rights or hate crimes charges as a result of the state court acquittal in the George Zimmerman case. The ACLU believes the Double Jeopardy Clause of the Constitution protects someone from being prosecuted in another court for charges arising from the same transaction. A jury found Zimmerman not guilty, and that should be the end of the criminal case."

Ira Glasser, a true civil libertarian, was the ACLU's executive director from 1978 to 2001. He said that Romero's letter to Holder illustrated "the transformation of the ACLU from a civil liberties organization to a liberal bandwagon organization." He added that "it's just astonishing to me that a statement like that could go out without any understanding that they [ACLU] were violating their own policy."

The ACLU wasn't. Anthony Romero was.

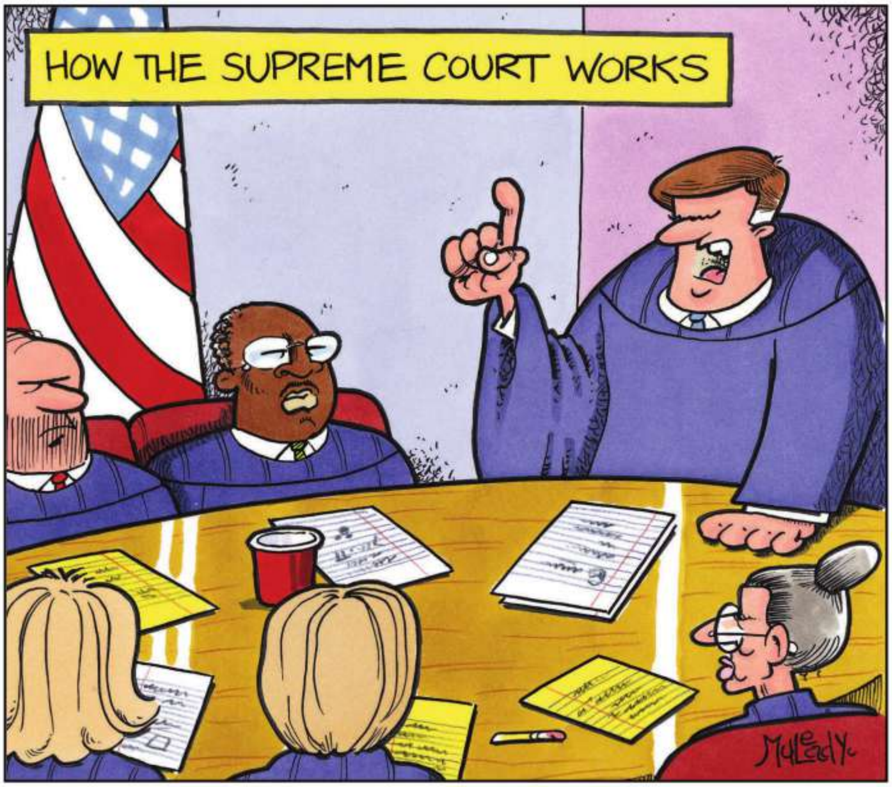
My position is: When, as allegedly happened to Zimmerman, someone is standing over you and banging your head hard again and again against the ground, you are entitled to defend yourself.

Romero's letter prompted this response from my old friend Michael Meyers—a longtime battler for and teacher of civil rights: "No government, much less an angry community, is entitled to a verdict to their liking.…The ACLU is not the NAACP; the ACLU is the guardian of individual liberty, not a victims' rights or racial grievance group."

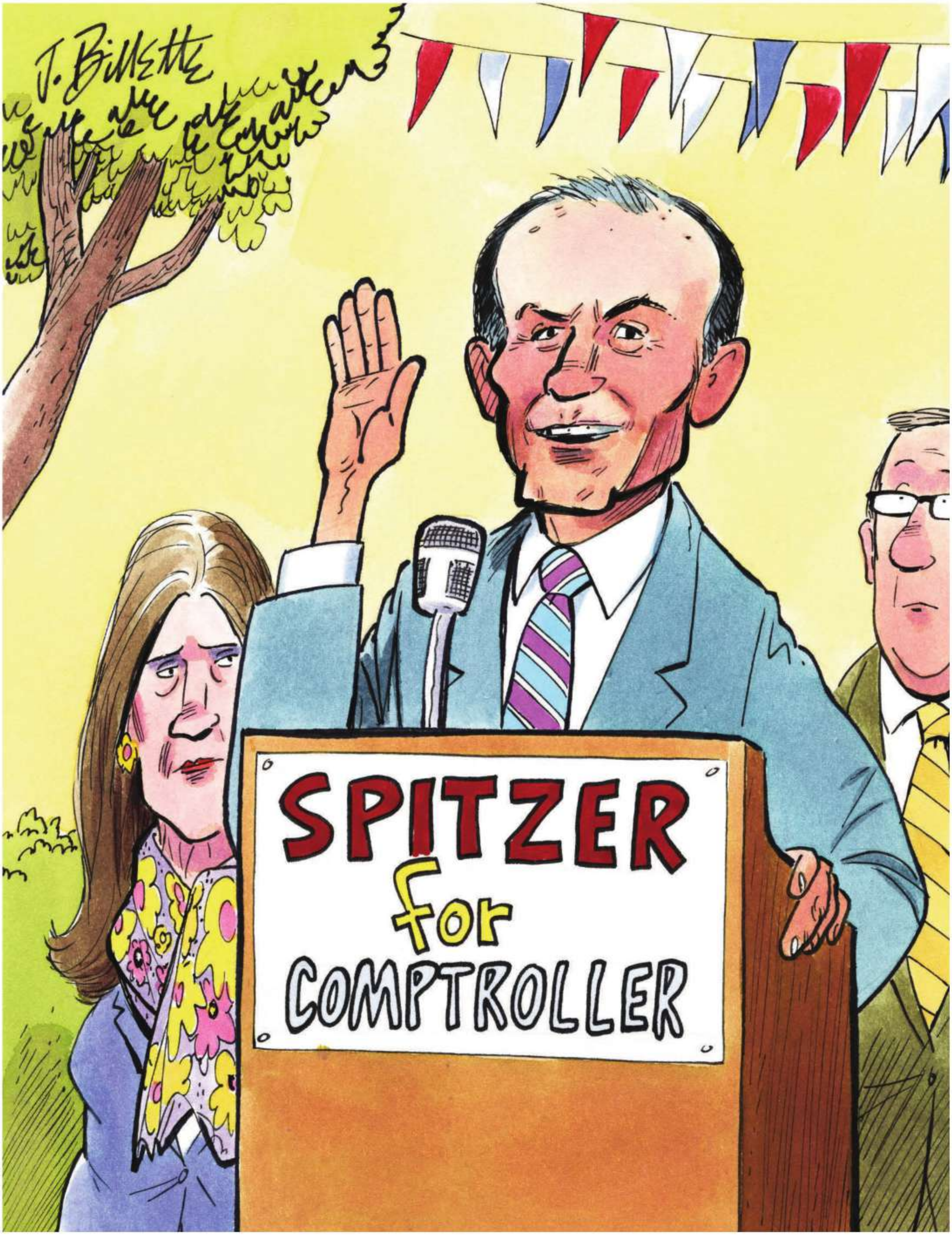
I applaud Laura Murphy for restoring the ACLU's reputation by overriding Anthony Romero's appeal to enlist the ACLU as an advocate of double jeopardy. But I cannot stomach the fact that the ACLU champions federal and state hate-crime laws, which violate the First, Fifth and 14th Amendments. On May 13, 2009, after the House of Representatives passed what became the Matthew Shepard and James Byrd Jr. Hate Crimes Prevention Act, I voiced my thoughts on RealClearPolitics.com. Colorado lawyer Robert J. Corry Jr. cemented them: "A government powerful enough to pick and choose which thoughts to prosecute is a government too powerful."

I went on to ask: "Is there no non-politically correct ACLU lawyer or other staff worker or anyone in the ACLU affiliates around the country or any dues-paying member outraged enough to demand of the ACLU's ruling circle to at least disavow this corruption of the Constitution?"

Nat Hentoff, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute and Jazz Foundation of America board member, is a historian of the Constitution, syndicated columnist and jazz critic. His books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.


HOW THE SUPREME COURT WORKS
Mulcady

"It's quid pro quo then. The fags can get married as long as the niggers don't get to vote anymore."


J. Billette
SPITZER
for
COMPTROLLER

"It's true. As your governor, I spent a lot on very high-priced hookers…but if elected, I promise to blow your cash on cheap whores only."

MIKE LEE

Imagine if you called a plumber in to fix your bathroom and all he did was whack off into your sink all day. You might want to say to him, "I'm glad to see you're passionate about your work, but how the hell is this fixing a goddamn thing?!" That's what Tea Party voters are facing with the goons they sent to Washington in 2010, especially our Asshole dishonoree Mike Lee, freshman U.S. senator from Utah.

So far Congressional Republicans in the House have voted 40 times to repeal the Affordable Care Act. 40! Guess how many times they voted to repeal their own government-subsidized healthcare. You guessed it. In Lee's brain, Tea Party rookies like him were elected "specifically with the charge to stop Obamacare," so they're obligated "to do everything in their power to stop it."

But since legislative repeal is about as likely as Sarah Palin explaining string theory, Mike Lee and his Senate cohorts have been lubing their members to a defunding fantasy. The plan, if you can call it that, is to block any budget funding the Affordable Care Act, thereby threatening a government shutdown that—in their wet dreams—everyone will blame on Obama. Hey, if you can't fix the plumbing, blow up the bathroom!

As for the people in his own party who think he's an ass-clown (which is most of them), Mike Lee squeezed this old chestnut out of his rectum for them to chew on: "The fact that they're against it simply tells me that I must be doing something right." To think this guy's been called arrogant!

Mike Lee wants you to think he's a regular, aw-shucks yokel who went to Washington to kick some ass. The reality is, he's an insider's insider, a lawyer who clerked for right-wing Supreme Court Justice Samuel Alito and was indoctrinated by his dad, Utah's notorious Rex Lee. Big Daddy served as Ronald Reagan's solicitor general and later became president of Brigham Young University, where all the master Mormon-bots are built. Mitt Romney was indoctrinated there. But compared to Mike Lee, Mitt's a raving heathen.

At age ten, by all accounts, Lee was more conservative than his dad. Obsessed with states' rights, the brat carried around a hard-on for the big bad federal government.

Daddy made sure his rancid seed got the golden pass at BYU, then croaked from cancer and chronic self-righteousness. Even though ol' Rex shriveled into a miserable end likely caused by nuclear-test fallout, his son still fought to let radioactive waste be dumped into Utah and now wants to cripple healthcare. If there's one thing "Let 'Em Suffer" Lee ain't got, it's a human heart.

He also hasn't gotten that Congress isn't a church. He talks about rights in religious terms, even comparing the Declaration of Independence (a real thing) with Christ's Sermon on the Mount (a shaky story at best). His approach to the Constitution—which he treats the way Fundamentalists treat the Bible—is what's called "originalist." A country's basic law evolves as the society matures, but an originalist thinks it can only mean what people understood it to mean when it was ratified. Lee, in other words, is living 200-plus years in the past. Even his own BYU professors were creeped out, calling him "very, very conservative."

But ultimately his originalism is bullshit too. Since taking office, Lee's been pimping for amendments that will never happen, including a spending cap, term limits for legislators and a reinterpretation of the 14th Amendment to prevent "anchor babies" (his words) from being citizens. Oh, and he doesn't think the government should guarantee a minimum wage, enforce civil rights or ban child labor either.

Just getting warmed up, Lee recently shat out his vision for the country. It's something he calls the "Utah Model," a magical "voluntary civil society" in which Mormonesque pod people "harness individuals' self-interest to the common good." So next time you need to pay for that cancer treatment, just knock on your neighbor's door. No need for Obamacare in the Utah States of America!

After Lee won his Senate seat, newspapers from Salt Lake City's *Deseret News* to *The Washington Post* advised him to not storm into office with a bullhorn, but to take it slow and build alliances if he was interested in political longevity. Fat chance. Not only is Lee the playground bully, he's also a colostomy bag of contradiction.

His claim that "raising taxes on the rich will hit the poorest among us hardest" is already a classic. Later, in an interview with his personal groupie Rush Limbaugh, Lee claimed that Obamacare was "universally despised" outside the D.C. Beltway, but Republicans in Congress were scared to join his defunding effort because once the law really kicked in, "it is going to be liked," just like Social Security and Medicare (which he also wants to slash). Let's get this straight. Right now Obamacare is hated, but most people will soon come around to see that it's actually a good thing? Even its biggest enemy is admitting this? So why doesn't he leave it the fuck alone already?

It's because he's got two groups to rimjob: 1) "grassroots" (poor) bigots who want to smackdown the uppity black President (when Lee says "Obamacare," he means "Obama") and 2) the handful of libertarian fatcats who want to keep sucking America's wealth, untaxed, to the top of their pyramid scheme.

Maybe Mike Lee sincerely wants what's best for the country. He just doesn't understand that the best thing would be if he quit politics, became a shitty plumber and literally spent all of his time whacking off into strangers' sinks. That's about as close to the "common good" as he'll ever get. H

BALLSY BABES

Nude and near-nude chicks running, jiggling and scissor-kicking—fuck mud wrestling; this is our new favorite sport! Seen here are the best ball-handlers from across the Old World competing in the first-ever Women's Naked Soccer European Championship. The games were held in Berlin, Germany, where there's no yellow card for titty-twisting, smack talk and arsch-grabbing. Who won? The horny hooligans!

PHOTOS BY BONGARTS/GETTY IMAGES

NO. 2 RULES

Sim Jae-Duck—ex-mayor of Suwon, Korea—was born in a toilet (literally!) and fixated by the ol' dump ever since. He felt it his duty to clean up the city's poopers and was known around town as Mr. Toilet. In homage to his obsession, the good mayor built his home in the shape of a john and pioneered the world's only scatological theme park. The Toilet Culture Park in Suwon, which celebrates all things shitty, has naturally become a pilgrimage destination for Republican assholes.

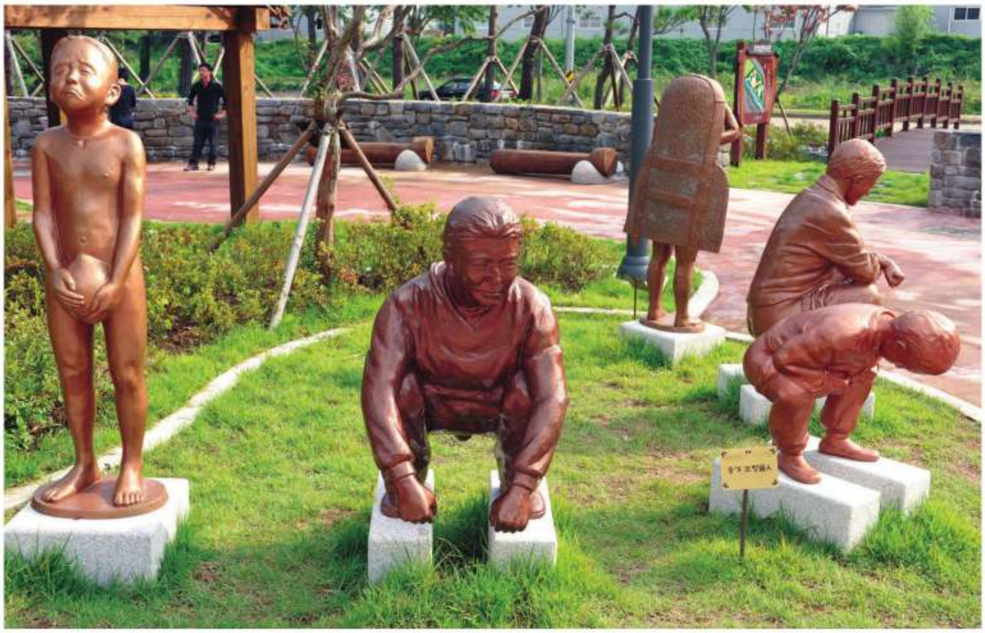


PHOTO BY CHRIS BACKE

"Don't have sex, man. It leads to kissing, and pretty soon you have to start talking to them." —STEVE MARTIN, FUNNYMAN

FULL-FRONTAL FIESTA

The Mediterranean Sea turned into one big tub as 729 splashing Spanish streakers stripped New Zealanders of the Guinness world record for collective nude bathing. The event—sponsored by City Hall in Vera, Spain—was intended to promote naked tourism. No more taking off our shoes for the TSA goons, and as for those patdowns, how about a rub 'n' tug?

PHOTO BY AFP/GETTY IMAGES

"I know a man who gave up smoking, drinking, sex and rich food. He was healthy right up to the day he killed himself. —JOHNNY CARSON, LATE-NIGHT LEGEND

GUTTER TALK

XXX stars love to play with heavy balls, especially for a good cause! At the recent Porn Star Bowling Fundraiser—cohosted by the Free Speech Coalition and LATATA (Licensed Adult Talent Agents Trade Association)—upwards of 300 jizz-bizzers and their fans celebrated America's right to say any-fucking-thing we want. You hear that, NSA? Of course you do.

BONNIE ROTTEN

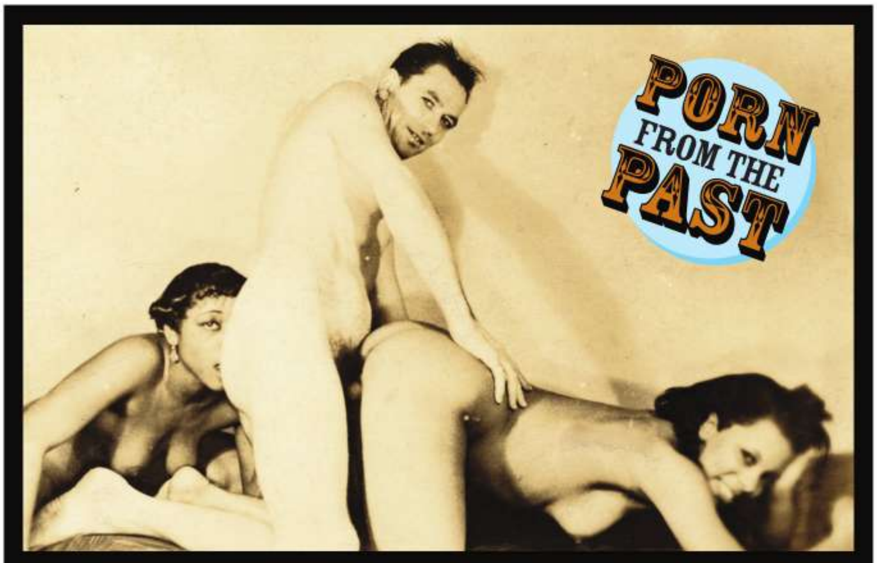
KARMEN KARMA

VICKI CHASE

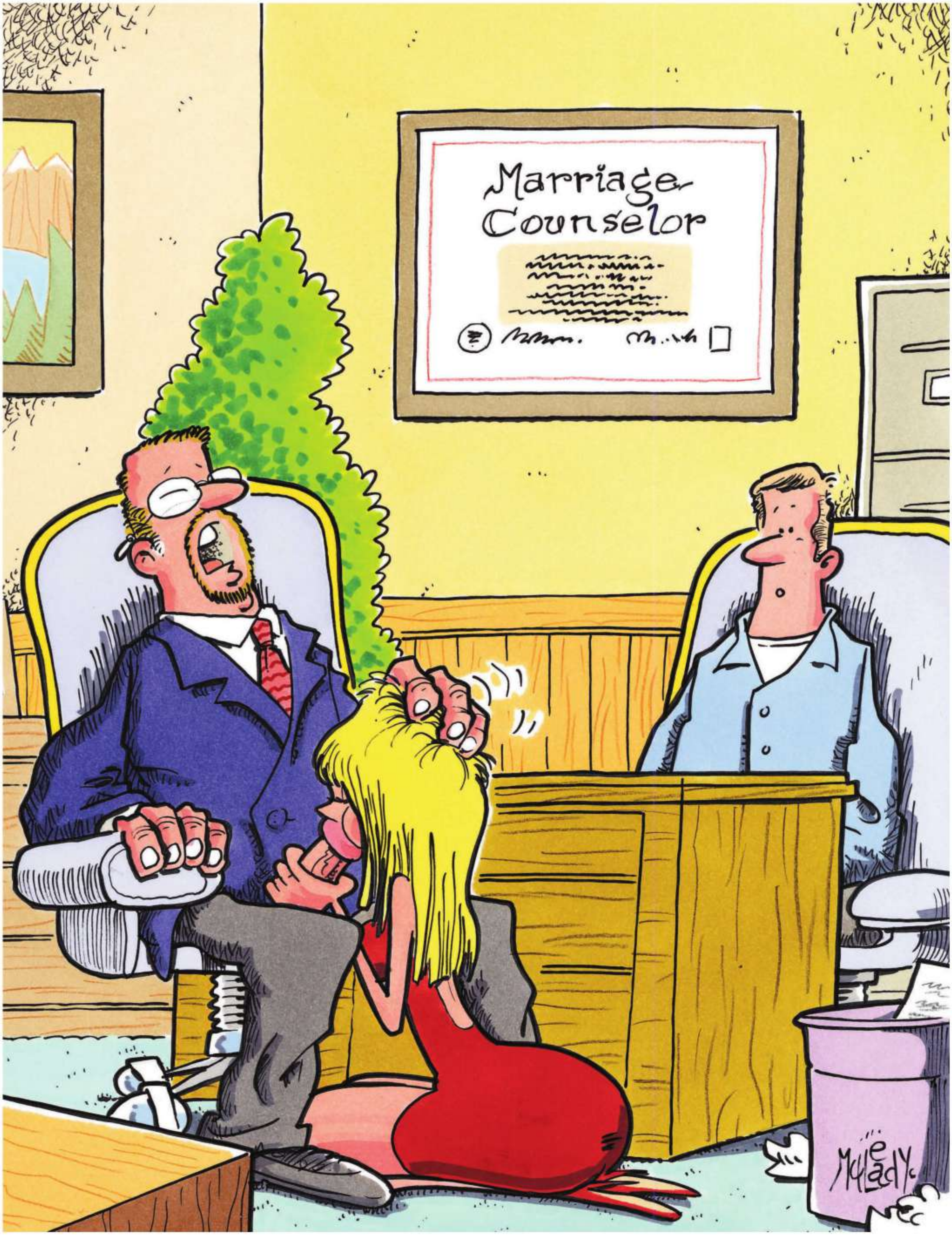
FALL LEAGUES
HOLIDAY PARTIES
LIVE MUSIC EVERY

PHOTOS BY RENARD GARR

PORN FROM THE PAST



Always a secret chocolate lover, Stan finally gave in to his cravings and treated himself to not one, but two cocoa confections. Here we witness the ah-hah moment as Stan invents the Oreo cookie. Thanks to J.C. of Norristown, Pennsylvania, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.


Marriage Counselor
McLeady

"I've cured your wife's fear of blowjobs, Mr. Larimore.
Now what do you say I work on her fear of anal?"

Chat With

REAL GIRLS NOW in your area

Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

HUSTLER PERSONALS

WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU

You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get PERSONAL

START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE

Killer Beavers

HUSTLER's October '13 issue featured a girl that's beyond gorgeous! She was in the *Beaver Hunt* section, and her name is Eva. I loved her most exotic body, and what a beautiful face! She has really nice tits that I would just love to play with and lick all day! I'd caress her tits and suck on her nipples!

Now for the hottest part of Eva's body! She has the most well-kept and groomed pussy that I've come across. I'd love to lick her pussy and show her just how much I love it! She is definitely a Beaver who needs to be featured again!

Also, I was really hoping that you could print more pictures of a May '13 Beaver named Aivalia Do'Urden—one that showcases her whole pussy. I'd really appreciate that. I know that HUSTLER can certainly come through for me as it's the best adult magazine of all time! I'd love to caress Aivalia's oh-so-perfect tits and just have a taste of her pussy! HUSTLER rules!

—Larry Weller Jr.
Narvon, Pennsylvania

Blond Ambition

After watching a XXX video, I came across a blonde who would be a perfect HUSTLER Honey. Her name is Holly Price. Holly has a nice, firm build and an incredible 34DD rack. Those things stand out vividly and are a joy to behold as Holly fucks. Her feet and legs are darling as they lead up to a stunning ass. I easily came while she was getting it in a reverse cowgirl. Everything about Holly Price's body oozes sex. Blondie loves to pull her cunt wide open. Of course her blowjobs are incredible.

Holly starred in a movie with Tasha Reign, Rikki Six and Spencer Scott called *Girly Girls Like It Rough*. All three of these luscious porn stars have had fabulously lewd layouts in HUSTLER. You debuted Rikki Six this year [February '13]. Hers is the best XXX layout so far in 2013 for me.

I'm sure that Holly Price can do it all for HUSTLER in front of your cameras—and do it very well. Nothing seems to be off limits in her sex life. Just like with Rikki and Tasha, nothing beats a big-titted blonde. Deliver Holly Price, and we will all be happy. **—Bill Smith**
Chicago, Illinois

Dicksy Chick

As a longtime HUSTLER reader and subscriber, I have always enjoyed the XXX-movie reviews that are in every issue of America's Magazine! One of my all-time favorite porn stars is Kelly Michaels from the 1980s and '90s.

Could you show a sexy shot of this delicious babe in a future issue? I love HUSTLER, and I'm sending my renewal very soon.

—Dennis Comstock
Muskegon, Michigan

Thanks, Dennis! It's not often we get shout-outs for she-male legends. Or do we have the wrong Kelly Michaels?

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Larry, sometimes I have too many problems with ignorant people. Only I would say the problem is you. I have seen NO extraterrestrial sex films from you. How unfair. For example, one of them is a High Queen named Driven Snow. It is true that Driven Snow does launch icicles from the sexual equipment with powerful velocity, and Unworthy, Fool, Human Male Studs, only some of them do survive. They have the intelligence to realize they must evacuate before they ??? I'm asking you for help, Larry. The film and music people are very ignorant to me. My copyright has a lot of potential. 50 Cent's promoter knows who I am. I don't know him personally. **—Vincent Pouliot**
Essex, Connecticut

Underfed?

I had to write to voice my disappointment with the declining quality of HUSTLER. It seems to have started in the March '13 issue and is still present in the October '13 issue. The pictorials seem to have taken on an artsy look—cloudy, grainy, out of focus and just downright unclear. Maybe this is a printer fault again, as I recall was the case for some rough-looking issues in 2009 and 2010.

Looking amply ready to be licked is Beaver Hunt heartthrob Eva.

Take a gander at recent issues of *Barely Legal* or HUSTLER from 2011-2012, and you will see the difference in quality and clarity. I've also noticed lately that the majority of the models look like they're on the border of anorexia. I like them with a little meat on their bones and enjoyed HUSTLER's offerings with the overflowing bosoms and juicy booties. But lately, for whatever reason, thin has been in.

I'm even more impressed by what I have been seeing in *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. It used to be great to find the new HUSTLER in the mailbox, but for the past eight issues it's been flip through and trash. So I hope to see some changes in the mag in the very near future because I can't see myself renewing my subscription if this format continues. **—J.D.**
Lafayette, Louisiana

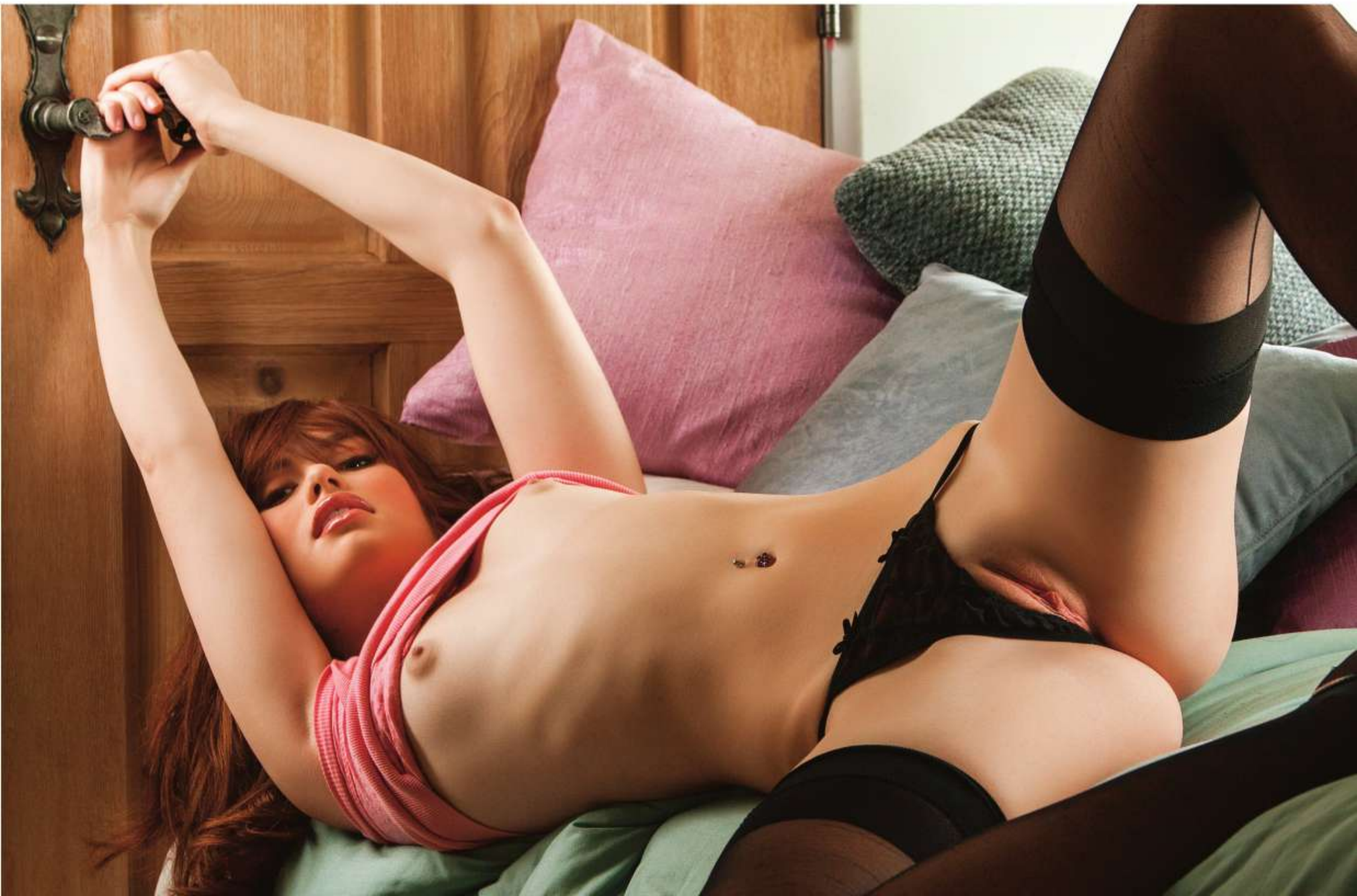
Fair enough, J.D. We'll make sure there's always a lot of flavors in the buffet.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

ASHLYN RAE

SEXHIBITIONIST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM



"My job is awesome!" **Ashlyn Rae** gushes. "I like when people watch me and give me their attention." Surprisingly shy off camera, the petite redhead's a fireball in front of the lens. "I'm never as crazy or kinky as I am on-set," **Ashlyn** giggles. "I'm learning a lot in porn! Great tricks. Different positions and their names. Before I started shooting, I knew missionary and doggy—that's about it. Now I'm all about cowgirl, reverse cowgirl…" **Ashlyn** is more than happy to show you what she's learned.

ASHLYN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Laguna Niguel, California** | AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-4** | MEASUREMENTS: **34-25-36**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Reverse Cowgirl** | TWITTER: **@AshlynRaexxx**

SEX
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SERVICE
EXCELLENCE
Let us show you their credentials

MEN&MAC

Christy Mack Takes on All Comers

BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

Talk about ***getting dirty***. When she's not handling a hard man-tool on camera, she slings the ***solid metal*** kind at a garage in the San Fernando Valley. We hang with the ***badass vixxxen*** just days before we hook her up with MMA bad boy War Machine.

When I first lay eyes on Christy Mack, she is stretched across the exposed engine of a vintage BMW E30, head down, ass up in the air, grunting softly with wrench in hand as she attempts to remove some stubborn bolts. Suppressing the pornified urge to yank down her jeans and show her the hot rod I'm carrying, I introduce myself and ask what she's doing.

"Motor mount's broken," she replies authoritatively. "I'm securing the motor and loosening the old part. Then I'm going to change the drip shield and align the new engine mounts before I can thread in the new screws."

I don't have a clue what she's talking about. I don't know jack about cars. But I do know something about women, and I can see in a second why this smudged, tattooed, busty grease monkey is a sexy-as-fuck superstar. Attitude.

Christy's got a luscious playground of a body. Plenty of porn babes have bodies just as good, but what she also has is an "I'm as tough as you" vibe. When Christy gets naked onscreen, it just plain feels special. *She knows what I know*, guys think. *I bet she's harder to nail.* Men love to get laid, but the ones who make them work for it are the ones they remember.

On her break I ask Christy if she's always been a confident person. "Not at all," she says with a laugh. "I was as awkward as can be when I was a kid—totally socially backward. But I didn't let it bother me. I didn't want to fit in. Still don't."

Christy grew up in Columbus, Indiana, a dreary blue-collar town where high schoolers kept their dreams pretty simple. After graduation you either worked at the mall or signed up at the local college or vocational school. "I liked science and cutting things up in biology," Christy recalls, "so I thought I'd grow up and be a mortician."

Preteen life was "traditional and ordinary," in her words, until she was 12. That's when her parents divorced—a messy >>

> "**Cars**, **sex and tattoos**. All three make me feel more **alive**, **in control**, like I'm living the life ***I want to live***."

HINES

split that's left Christy and her father with a crappy relationship to this day. "I don't want to sound like I'm just another porn star with daddy issues," she says. "But to be honest, my folks' divorce was hard on me. Combined with the environment I lived in, it all shaped the person I am today."

"Explain," I push. "I still don't get why you aren't a smoking-hot Indiana mortician."

"I discovered tattoos and cars." She flashes a naughty grin. "I had been a cheerleader, on the gymnastic team, in the school band, doing all the traditional things a kid does to be happy. None of it worked for me except tattoos and cars."

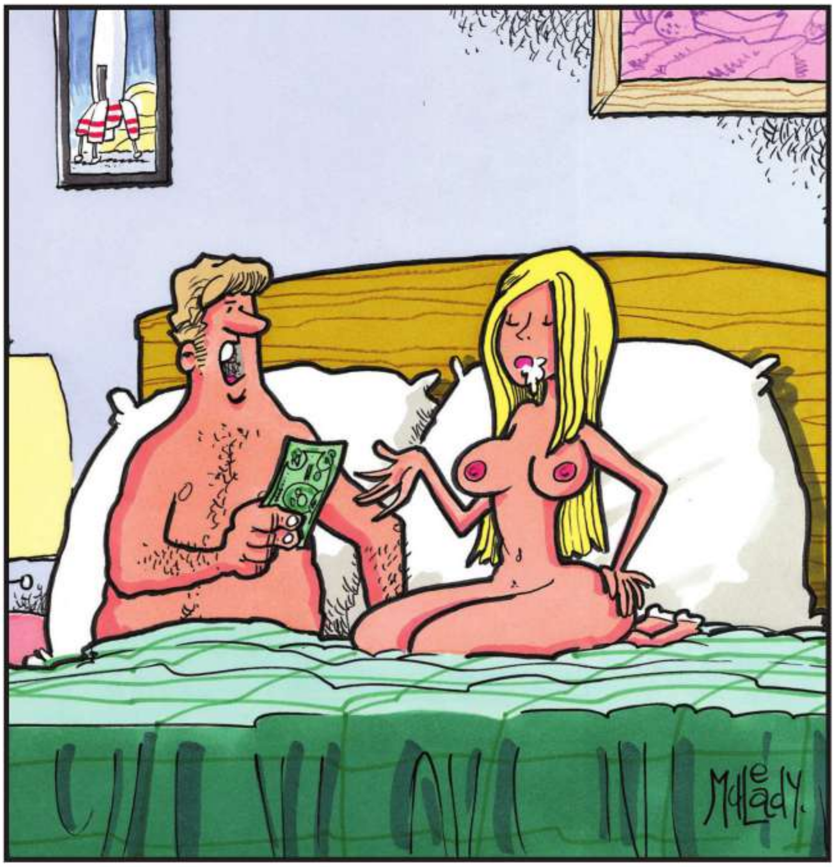
"And sex," I add.

"Yeah," Christy concurs. "That too. Cars, sex and tattoos. All three make me feel more alive, in control, like I'm living the life I want to live."

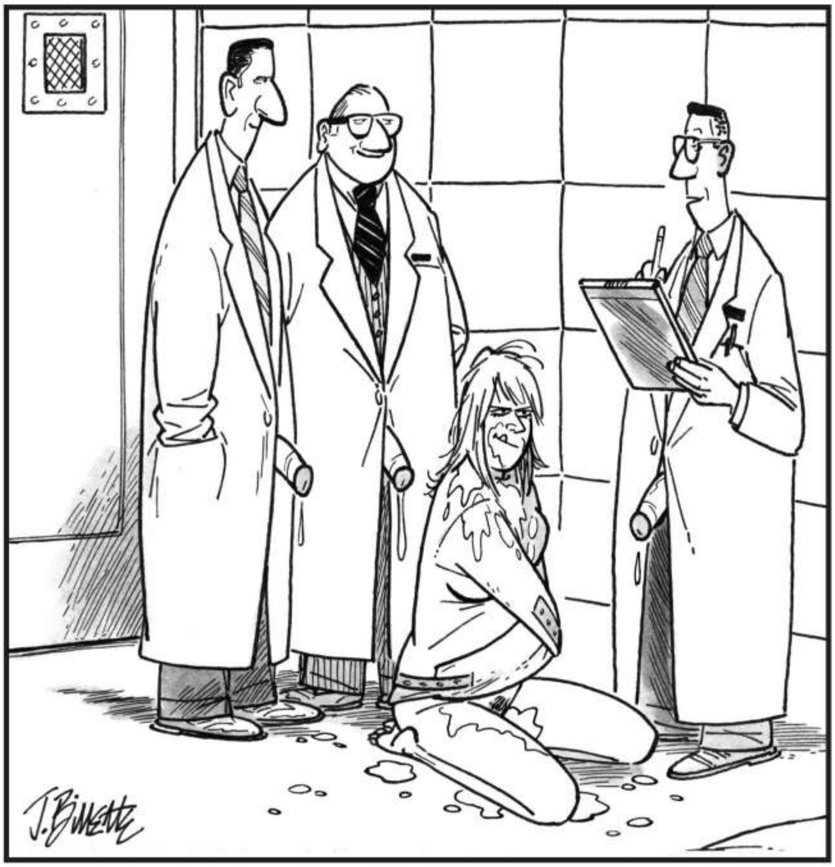
Christy legally took control of her life at 18 and started banging guys regularly. That quickly made her the most popular member of her local car clubs. "I had lots of teachers," she says modestly. "I learned a lot about sex, auto mechanics and autocross [single-car racing that stresses driver skill over engine power]. I had so much fun, I got into car modeling just to be around the world as much as I could." >>

PHOTOS COURTESY SHAMELESS AND WICKED PICTURES

"I liked ***science*** and ***cutting things up*** in biology, so I thought I'd ***grow up*** and be a ***mortician***."



"We're married now. I shouldn't have to pay $20 for a blowjob anymore."



"I trust that we agree, doctors. This case of sex addiction may take years of therapy!"

"And porn?" I ask.

"I was showing my body next to cars anyway," she admits, shrugging. "I liked sex. I figured why not just show a little more?" Christy suddenly grabs my hand. "Fixing cars always puts me in a good mood," she says mischievously. "Come with me. I'm going to make this a perfect day."

We hop into a Subaru BRZ, one of four sleek high-performance street machines that Christy owns. (She also drives a Mustang GT, Subaru GC8 and Subaru WRX STI.) I fantasize for a minute that I'm being whisked off to a nearby motel for some fast-and-furious lovemaking, but alas, that's not to be. Christy's been on-set all week screwing her brains out and fixing fast cars all afternoon. Our next destination completes her trinity of favorite things.

After a short ride we pull up in front of Atomic Tattoo, a well-known Hollywood ink emporium. "I want to get an anchor on my arm," Christy tells me. "I'm in the mood for something simple and classic."

We go inside. Thousands of potential tattoos cover the walls. Big books full of designs are stacked next to comfortable chairs and couches.

This is the Barnes & Noble of tattoo parlors; patrons are encouraged to take their time and choose based on the merit of the design as opposed to the drunken "I woke up the next morning and wondered what the fuck I did that for" philosophy.

Christy, as usual, knows what she wants. She quickly picks a colorful anchor design and plants herself in the chair. As the tattoo artist gets to work, I ask if she sees herself ever settling down. "Well, I can't see myself being a mom," she says quickly. "I'm not too fond of children. They're creepy little trolls. I'm too self-absorbed right now."

"Too self-absorbed for a monogamous relationship?" I wonder.

"I'm open to it," she tells me. "As long as it's not some muscle-bound, tattooed guy who thinks I'm a hard-partying, badass chick."

"But you *are* a badass chick," I almost say. Christy is not easily figured out, however. So for the second time that afternoon I ask her to explain herself.

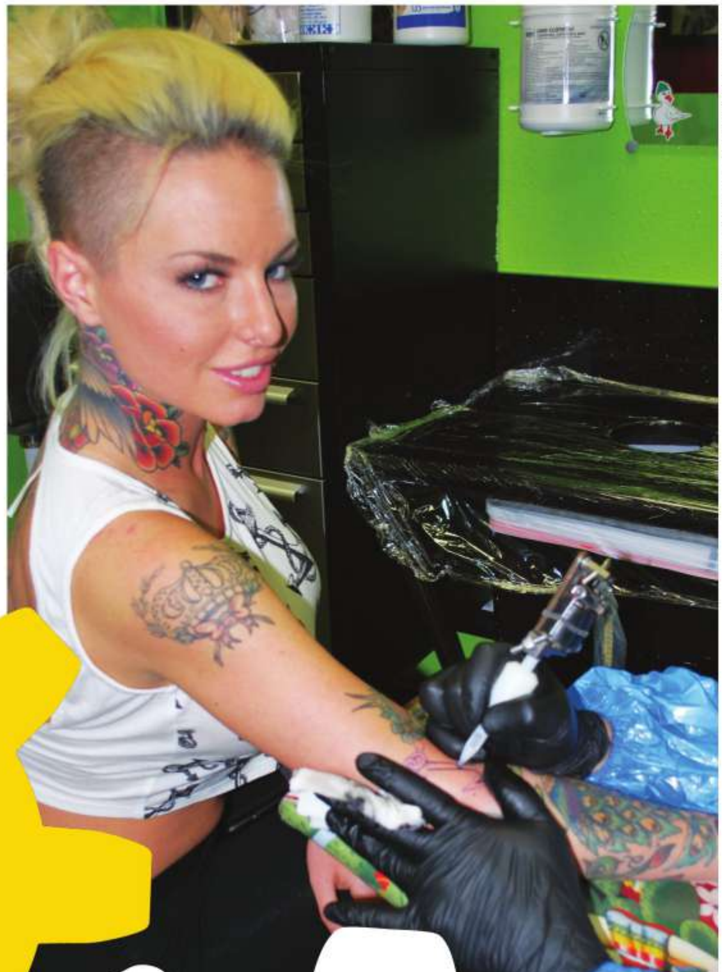
"I know I look badass, but that's not me," she says. "I don't drink. I don't do drugs or like to party. And at work I deal with extremes— pumped-up guys with lots of tattoos. In my personal life I'd like someone nondescript—a quiet, average guy."

It makes sense. In any relationship Christy will bring enough adrenaline for two.

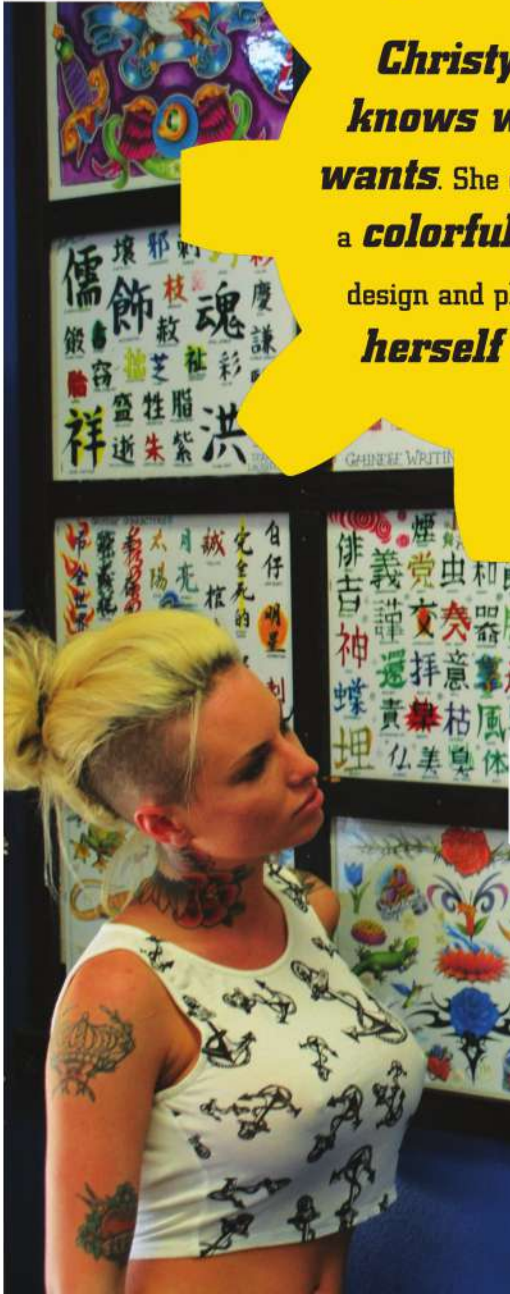
Soon after my day with Christy Mack, HUSTLER hooked her up with MMA superstar War Machine. At press time they were still a hot tag team. H

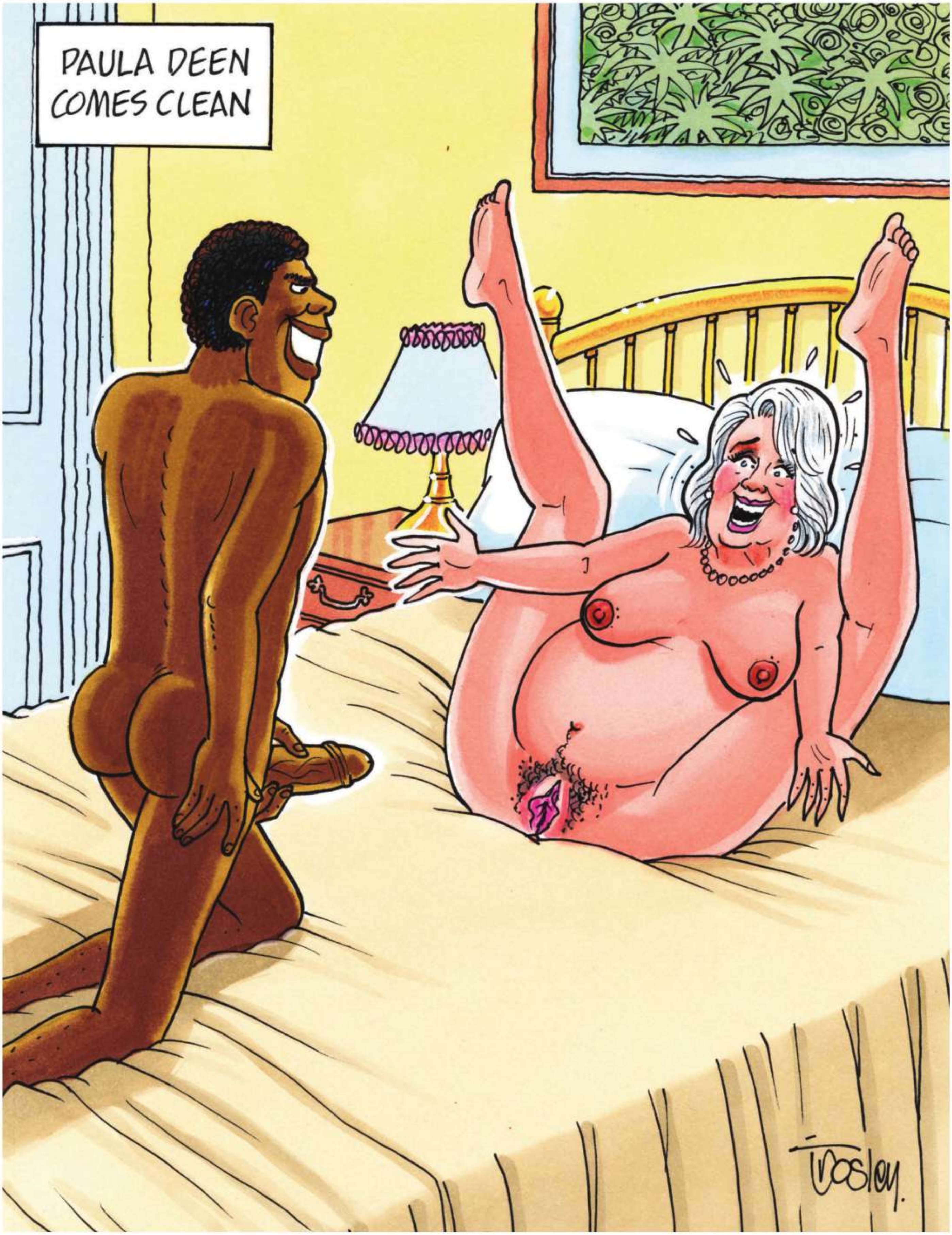
Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award winner. The frequent HUSTLER contributor also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.

CANDID PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN



Christy, as usual, **knows what she wants**. She quickly picks a **colorful anchor** design and plants **herself** in the chair.




PAULA DEEN
COMES CLEAN
Trosley

"Okay…okay…I admit it! I've said it before, and I'll say it again.
Gimme some big black nigger cock!"

HUSTLER

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VANESSA

THE GREEN ROOM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Vanessa smiles when we ask about her first time modeling naked. "My first time? Well…today." Nervous, she slips her clothes off and tries out a few poses. With each click of the camera her confidence builds. "I practiced some in front of the mirror yesterday," **Vanessa** admits. "Hey, how about this?" She spreads her legs wide and reaches a hand down to touch herself. The girl's a natural!

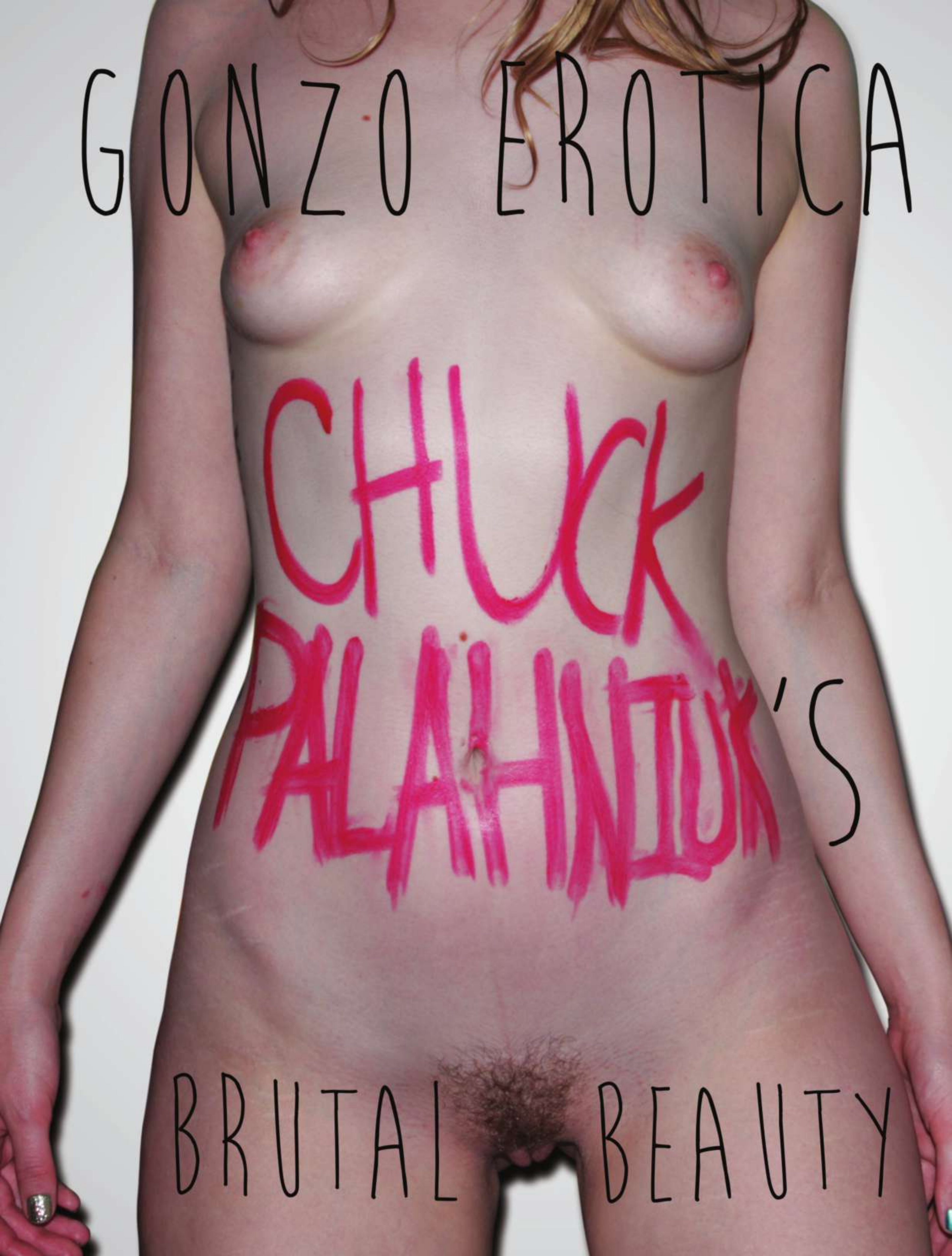
VANESSA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic

AGE: 19 | **HEIGHT:** 5-6

MEASUREMENTS: 34-25-34

FAVORITE POSITION: Missionary



GONZO EROTICA

CHUCK PALAHNIUK'S BRUTAL BEAUTY

"The first rule of Fight Club is you do not talk about Fight Club. The second rule of Fight Club is you do not talk about Fight Club." We met up with the man who wrote those immortal lines to break his most famous rules —and a few more.

INTERVIEW BY KYLE DOWLING

Before Tyler Durden fist-fought his way into movie immortality in *Fight Club*, there was Tyler Durden on paper, wrung from the unlikely pen of Chuck Palahniuk. The writer didn't begin his attack on the blank page until his 30s, but has since authored some of the most bizarre, beautiful and talked-about novels of our time.

In more than a dozen bestselling books, Palahniuk has diagrammed a darkly comic world of flawed outcasts and twisted social ills. His newest novel, *Beautiful You*, grapples with a subject particularly close to our hearts.

HUSTLER: What's your latest book about?

CHUCK PALAHNIUK: I kind of threw away my whole existing style and relearned writing. I made a big push into something I call "gonzo erotica." It's funny and sexy and icky all at the same time.

There's an underlying message about consumerism as well, correct?

There is, but just in a really comic and icky way.

You've mentioned that *Beautiful You* is going to offend everyone. Is that what you're looking for when you write?

I never set out to offend. Each book or story is an experiment in dread that begins with the question, "What's the worst thing that can happen?" Once I have the disaster clearly in my mind, my task is to resolve it. John Cheever talked about this process. According to him, writers go crazy because they're always dreaming up bigger and bigger disasters.

Beautiful You began with my vague memory of finding some pornographic paperback books in my father's closet. I was six or seven and could hardly read. They had titles like *Hot Cowgirl Slut Ranch*. None of what I read in them made sense, but neither did the soft-focus romance novels my mother read. The challenge in *Beautiful You* was to write an action-packed "gonzo erotica" book, but using the overblown language of bodice-ripper romances. It's a book I could only write with both my parents dead.

You're notoriously prolific. Where does it come from?

I usually start the idea from outside myself. I'll hear somebody tell me a story, just a detail or moment really, and that soon turns into a story for a book. The idea then resonates with me so strongly that I find myself repeating it in social situations. And I find that idea then resonates with other people, and they then elaborate that with their own lives. Through these other people I just sort of act as the editor or the person that archives the material. >>

"Each book or story is an experiment in dread that begins with the question, 'What's the worst thing that can happen?'"

REMATCH!

AT PRESS TIME PALAHNIUK CONFIRMED THAT THE LONG-AWAITED *FIGHT CLUB* FOLLOW-UP WAS IN THE WORKS.

Why write a *Fight Club* sequel?

So much of *Fight Club* was a rant against fathers. At the time every man I knew was complaining about how little he'd learned from his father. Even my own father felt bitter and let down by his father. Rather than continue in that vein, I wanted to revisit the protagonist once he himself had become a father. Not coincidentally, my parents are both dead now, and I think that will force my story and I to accept more responsibility.

Seeing as *Fight Club* is so legendary, are you nervous about expectations for the sequel?

No, the sequel has been percolating in my mind for years. My only worry is about presenting it in the form of a graphic novel. The medium shapes the messages, and I'll be relearning how to tell stories. My tendency is to hold the entire plot in my mind until I'm afraid of forgetting it. Once I start writing, I can't stop. That feverish, ill-fed, exhausting stint of writing is the only part of the process that I fear.

How will the new story be different?

The sequel will be told from the—at first—submerged perspective of Tyler Durden as he observes the day-to-day tedium of the narrator's life. Because 20th Century-Fox created the convention of calling the protagonist Jack, I'm calling him Cornelius. He's living a compromised life with a failing marriage, unsure about his passion for his wife. The typical midlife bullshit. Likewise, Marla is unsatisfied and dreams of accessing the wild man she'd once fallen in love with. She tampers with the small pharmacy of drugs that her husband needs to suppress Tyler, and—go figure—Tyler reemerges to terrorize their lives.

How do you go about creating something bigger than Tyler Durden?

That's the trick. I don't do it. I just get the ball rolling. The story creates itself. I'm more curious about the climax than anyone else.

> "I love the lunacy of sex and that once it's over, you almost want to laugh at the absurdity of what you were just doing. You can't help but think, *God, I was just an animal there for a second*."

What is your favorite part of the writing process?

Usually the last third of the book, because by the end I can see where the fatal flaw is, where the hero's big lie can fall apart. That's usually at the end of the second act, and I don't know what's going to happen after that.

Some writers outline their stories, but it seems you just write it on the page.

I do just write it. I might make some type of character sketches where I write certain scenes as stand-alone short stories so I can establish the structure of how I'll write the overall chapter. Those stand-alone stories help me figure out how I'll write the full story. Doing that, I can create one pivotal scene to establish whatever devices will be used to drive the story forward.

Has it gotten easier?

It got too easy. That's one of the reasons I took a year off before writing *Beautiful You.*

Was this book exciting to work on?

It was! It was a ten-day book; first draft in ten days. That is the biggest best sign.

That's incredible. The book's sexual theme isn't new for you.

It's usually either sex or drugs or illness. I think they all give the story a very physical sense. Sex is so absurd; it's naturally comic. I love the lunacy of sex and that once it's over, you almost want to laugh at the absurdity of what you were just doing. You can't help but think, *God, I was just an animal there for a second.*

That's always fascinated me, the difference between a person in public and who they are in the bedroom. The two are often total opposites.

Right, like Tyler Durden versus the main character.

The movie *Fight Club* is different from the book in many ways. Some writers hate it when the film veers from the book, but you've said you enjoy when directors stray from your original material.

I do! The original material is always going to be there. I would much rather see the evolution of my material, where someone will take it, as opposed to seeing a really dead-on interpretation.

Your books are full of nonfiction elements. How important are those?

They are really important. They establish authority. If I can establish a cognitive authority first, then I can go on to establish an emotional authority. I think it's still kind of a trope form, so I'm trying to do it less and less.

You must have to dig up a lot of research.

Absolutely, and I love doing it, but it has become what writers call "information dump." You use a high volume of research to get a few pages. My understanding is that it's an old science-fiction term. Old-school writers would research physics or whatnot to inform the story or establish authority for a character; then—not wanting to waste valid info and effort—the writer would cram all the real-world factual data into a cumbersome passage.

Readers recognize these data-for-data's-sake parts of books and usually skim them. As in, "Oh, here's the info dump." The trick is to salt the info into the story gradually. In *Beautiful You* the hero gives the history of the electric vibrating dildo since 1880 while digitally stimulating the female lead character. It's weird and sexy, but it's still an info dump.

I've heard that you occasionally allow the characters to get things wrong so that the reader feels superior. Explain.

That is so difficult to do because copy editors are always changing things to make them right. If you have a character making a mistake that the reader recognizes, then the reader feels superior. There's a closer connection when you feel superior. And when people feel superior, they feel less threatened.

When you go to a Chinese restaurant, you read those bad descriptions in broken English on the menu, and it makes you feel delighted in a way because you know it's wrong. I think it's that same feeling towards the characters. I think we all just want to be right.

What do you find intriguing about flawed characters?

Flawed characters allow the reader to see flaw in their own life. There used to be institutions like church, places where people could go and confess their very worst behaviors and their very worst selves to a community, and they would be forgiven for all of the things they'd done wrong. They would then be welcomed back despite all of the things they did.

I think the world is losing those places where people are allowed to present the flawed self. I think 12-step groups are picking that up on purpose. A flawed character allows the reader to be flawed. Our lives are surrounded by people trying to look good. We're all trying to look good. It's so refreshing to be around somebody who is not trying to dominate you.

America has some immense flaws. What are some that you see?

Oh boy. (*Laughs.*) I think that young men are completely in the wayside right now. >>

PORTRAIT PHOTOS BY NATE "IGOR" SMITH
OPENING PHOTO BY WILFERD GUENTHOER

“Power-inversion events always keep the dominant culture in charge because they allow the lower class to exert power for a small amount of time over the ones who normally dominate.”

Everything has changed for them. They are being given no resources. It seems the only thing they can do is lash out. Young men are screwed at this point in history. They are repeatedly demonized. There's such a high rate of suicide. It kills me.

Is the media part of the problem?

Just the fact that they don't seem to be investigating anything or sufficiently doing so. If [it were] the suicide rate of young women or acts of terrorism were being done by young women, it'd be on the pages of every newspaper. But young men seem to be considered disposable.

You were once part of the Cacophony Society. I've heard you say that organized chaos is needed in life. Why?

Let me bore you for a minute here. There was a brilliant British anthropologist named Victor Turner. He identified a couple of different types of social phenomena. One took events that happened over the course of our calendar. For example: what is Halloween? Halloween comes between fall and winter, but it's one night where people who have no power—children—dress up as wizards or cowboys, things that are not in our culture. They then go out and demand tribute from the people who normally have the power. If you don't give them candy, they will destroy your property.

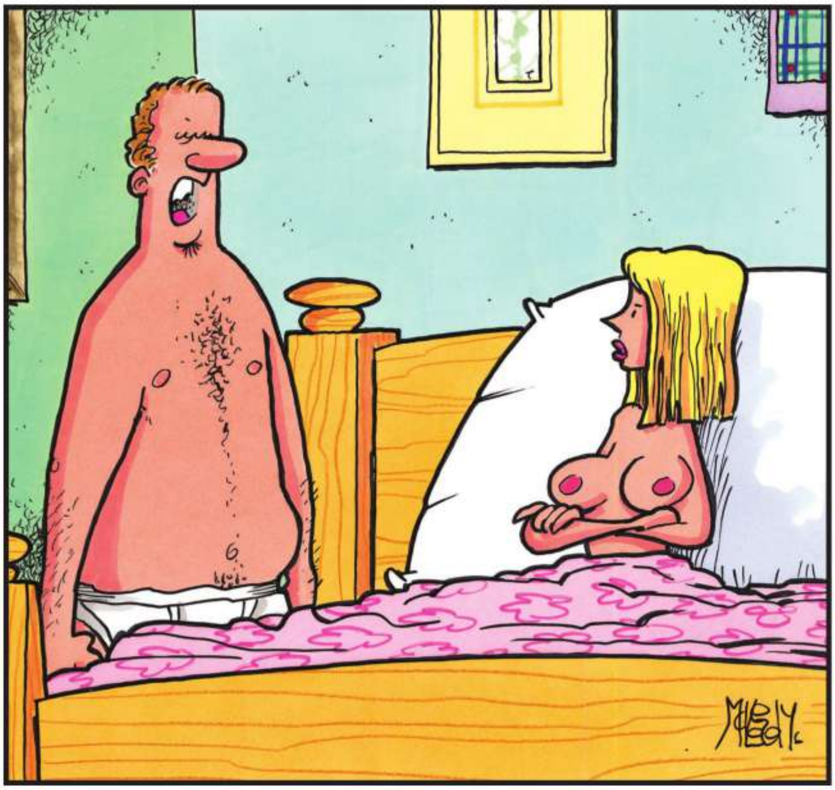
The same went for Christmas. Carolers were the same. If you did not give them money for singing at your door, they would destroy your property. These power-inversion events always keep the dominant culture in charge because they allow the lower class to exert power for a small amount of time over the ones who normally dominate.

Turner also talked about a place where each member of a group—a place where you can just do something crazy for a small window of time—had equal status and an equal investment to this community. Cacophony Society provided these events. It allowed people to go and blow off steam and explore new identities. People could behave a certain way that maybe they wouldn't normally. People could just try something out. And even if you didn't like it, the whole thing would be over quickly.

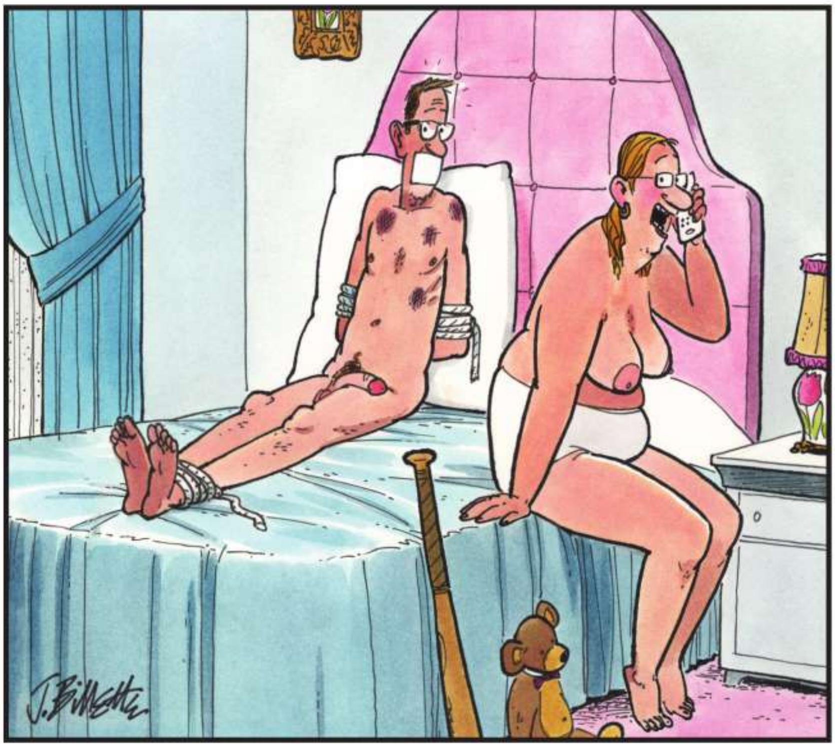
Do you have any chaos in your life that helps you?

Who doesn't have some chaos? I exercise, mostly weightlifting. And I exhaust myself by planning and staging book events. But most of my yen-for-chaos goes into my fiction. A perfect story should terrify me when I'm forced to read it in public. It should be scary and humiliating and exhausting, and by the end I should feel as if I've survived something. **H**

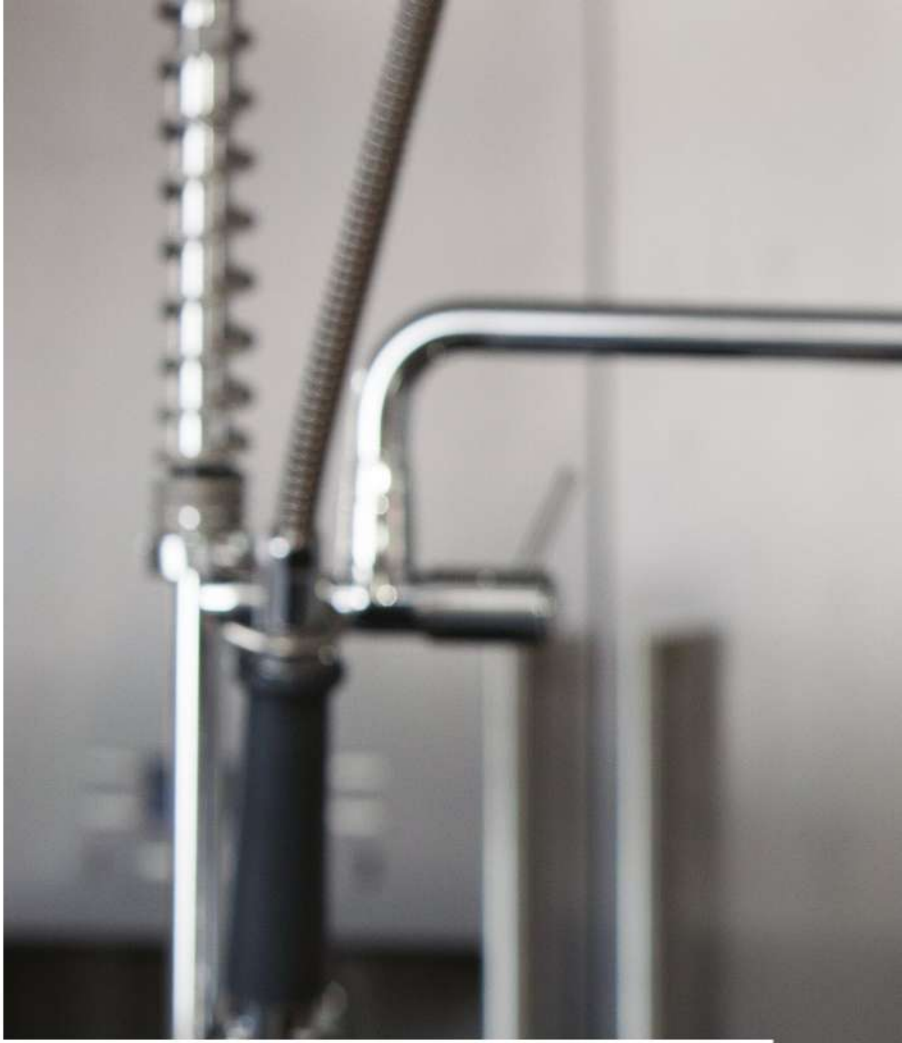
New York-based Kyle Dowling has written for *Psychology Today*, *The Huffington Post*, *The Atlantic* and TheSmokingJacket.com, among others. Check out all of his material—both in print and online—at KDowling.com.



"Who cares if you're on your period? When I fuck you in the ass, I get shit on my dick. What's a little blood compared to that?"



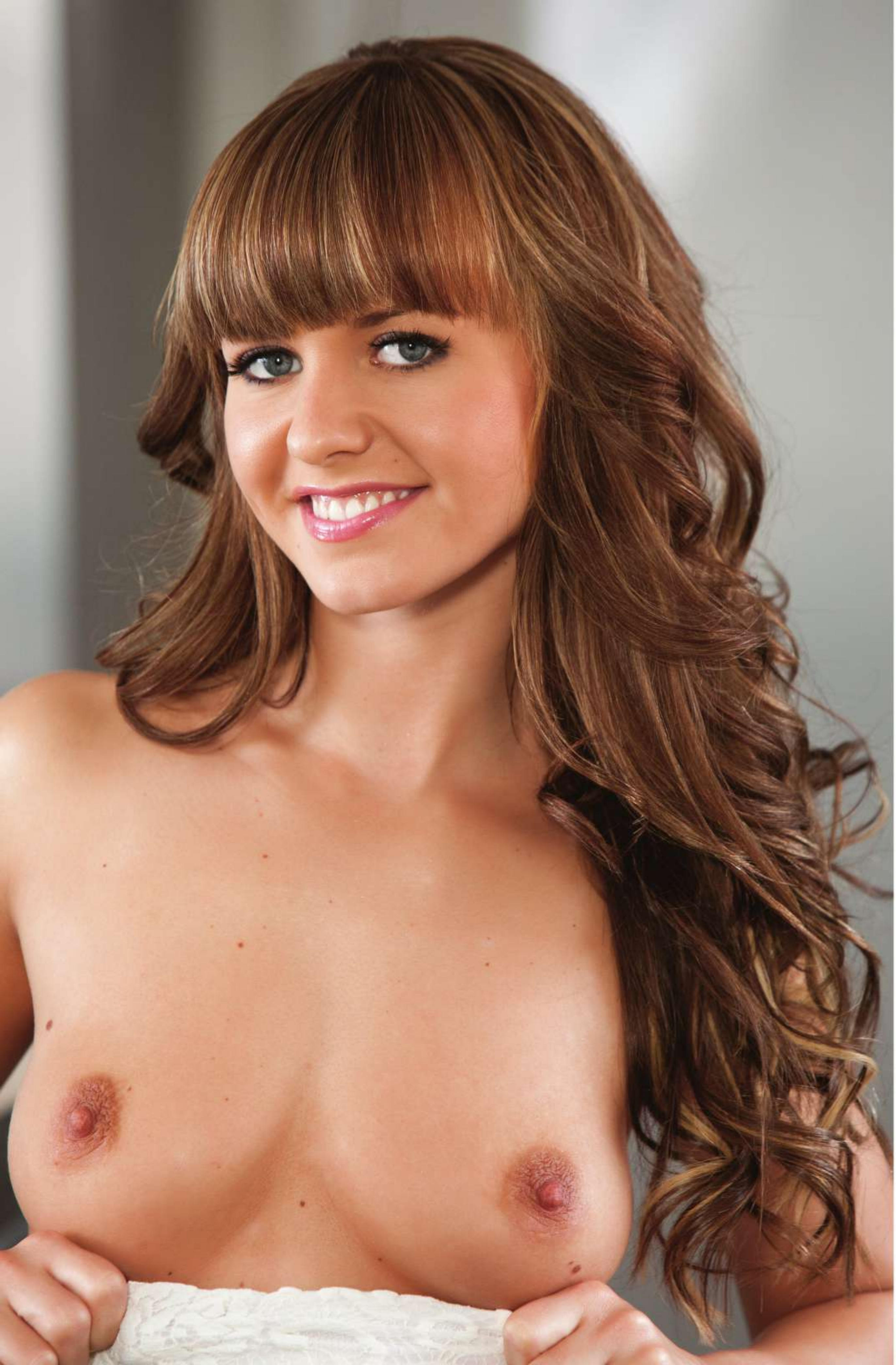
"Guess what, Mom! I met someone! Well, he's quiet, sensitive—and he really listens when I talk!"



BELLA
BABY

FLAVORFUL

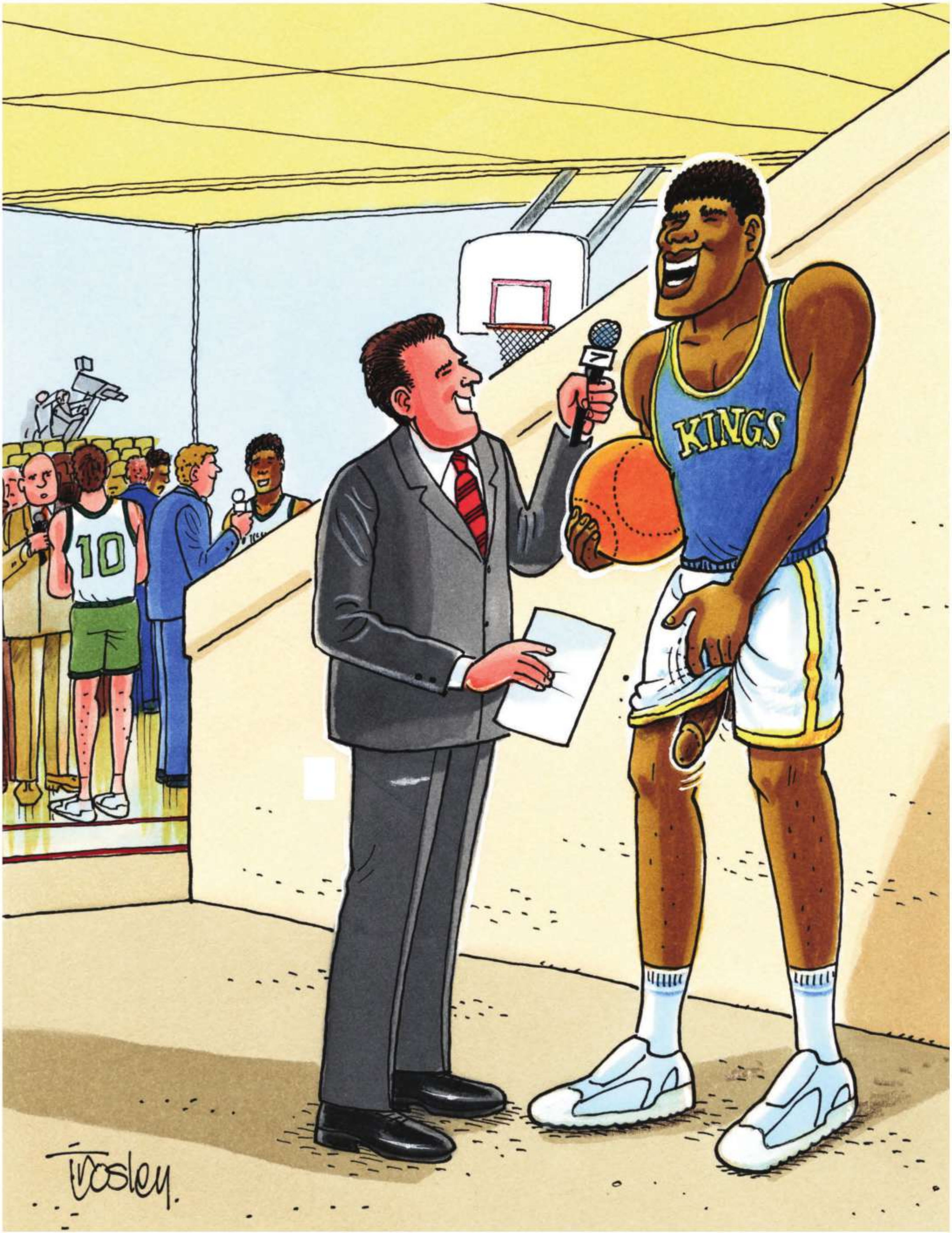
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS



Bella Baby says she's happiest at home, but doesn't truly consider a place her own until she's made love in every single room. "Sex in the bedroom's okay, but fucking in the kitchen can be absolutely amazing. Open a drawer—spatulas and wooden spoons turn into sex toys. And it's fun to see how creative a guy can be with what's in my fridge. Popsicles, zucchini, whipped cream. What would you choose?"

BELLA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Prague, Czech Republic** | AGE: **24** | HEIGHT: **5-2** | MEASUREMENTS: **33-23-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Bent Over a Countertop**


KINGS
10
Trosley

"The fame and money are great, but what really gets me off is scratching my cock and balls in front of millions of viewers!"

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY
EMMANUEL FOUQUET

Supermodel **Nova Lane** calls France her home when she's not jetting across the globe posing for fashion and lingerie designers. Rarely do we see the stunning Miss **Lane** go au naturel. But now that **Nova**'s enjoyed her HUSTLER HONEY shoot, naked might become her new norm. "When I posed nude, I felt in my element. I loved it, and I loved the first reactions of the staff when I stripped in the room. I admit, it was flattering, making the men drool!"

NOVA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Cluses, France** | AGE: **24** | HEIGHT: **5-9**
MEASUREMENTS: **38-24-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**

Je t'aime!
♥
Nova

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CHEVY

After taking a long hot bubble bath, an aging porn star was examining herself in a full-length mirror. As she recalled her younger, thinner, sexier body, she said aloud, "Lord, if you help me get rid of these love handles, I promise to dedicate myself to you forever."

All of a sudden her ears fell off.

Lilith complained to her old-fashioned Jewish mother, "I'm divorcing Irv. All he wants is sex, sex and more sex. My vagina is now the size of a 50-cent piece, when it used to be the size of a nickel."

"You're married to a multimillionaire businessman," her mom remarked. "You live in an eight-bedroom mansion, you drive a Ferrari, you get a $5,000-a-week allowance, you take six vacations a year, and you want to throw all that away over 45 cents?!"

Question: What do you call a pantry full of lesbians?

Answer: A licker cabinet.

Bertha explained to her gynecologist, "Every time I sneeze, I have an orgasm."

"I see," he said. "And what are you taking for this condition?"

"Pepper," Bertha replied.

Police Sergeant MacTavish was quizzing a roomful of new recruits. "What would you do if you had to arrest your mother?" he asked.

"Call for backup!" a greenhorn hollered from the back row.

It was a Saturday night, and Ted and Mike were pounding beers at the bar. Three pitchers in, Ted turned to Mike and slurred, "I fucked your mother last night."

Mike slowly rose from his chair and said, "Okay, Dad, it's time to go home."

Two former college roommates ran into each other at a bar and began reminiscing. "Whatever happened to that superhot blonde you were going to marry?" one asked.

"Everything was going great until I took her to my family reunion," the other responded.

"Then what?"

"She met my rich granddad. Now she's my grandmother."

Question: What does it mean when the woman in your bed is gasping for breath and calling your name?

Answer: You didn't hold the pillow down long enough.

A soon-to-be father dialed 911 and told the dispatcher, "My wife is pregnant, and her contractions are only two minutes apart!"

"Is this her first child?" he was asked.

"No, you idiot!" the frantic caller shouted. "This is her husband!"

Question: What do you give a man who has everything?

Answer: Antibiotics.

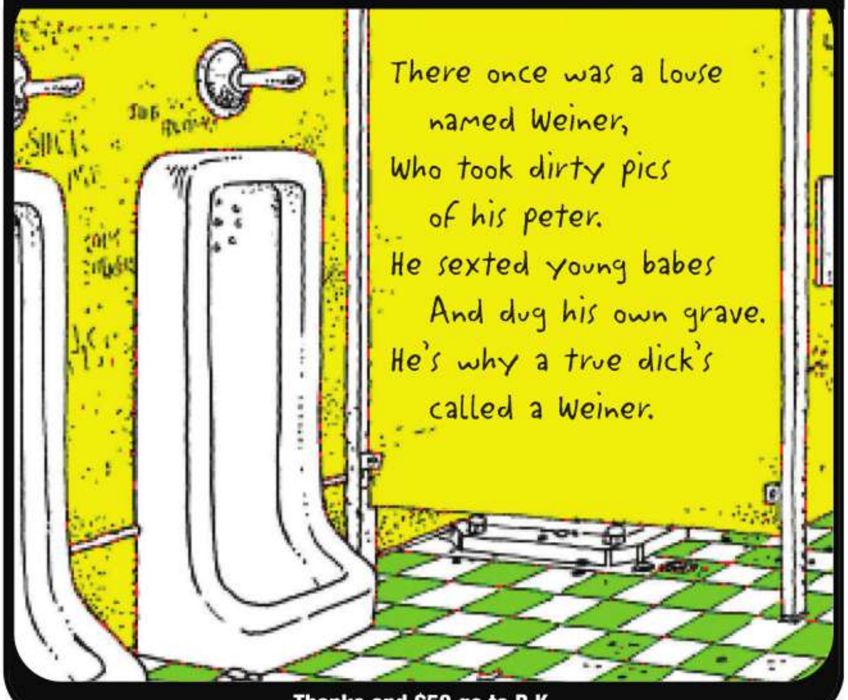
Joe finally scored a date with Emma and picked the sexy babe up at her parents' home. He'd scrounged enough money to dine at a fancy restaurant, where Emma ordered the most expensive items on the menu: shrimp cocktail, lobster and champagne.

A little taken aback, Joe asked, "Does your mother feed you like that at home?"

"No," Emma replied, "but my mother's not expecting a blowjob tonight."

Joe then politely queried, "What would you like for dessert?"

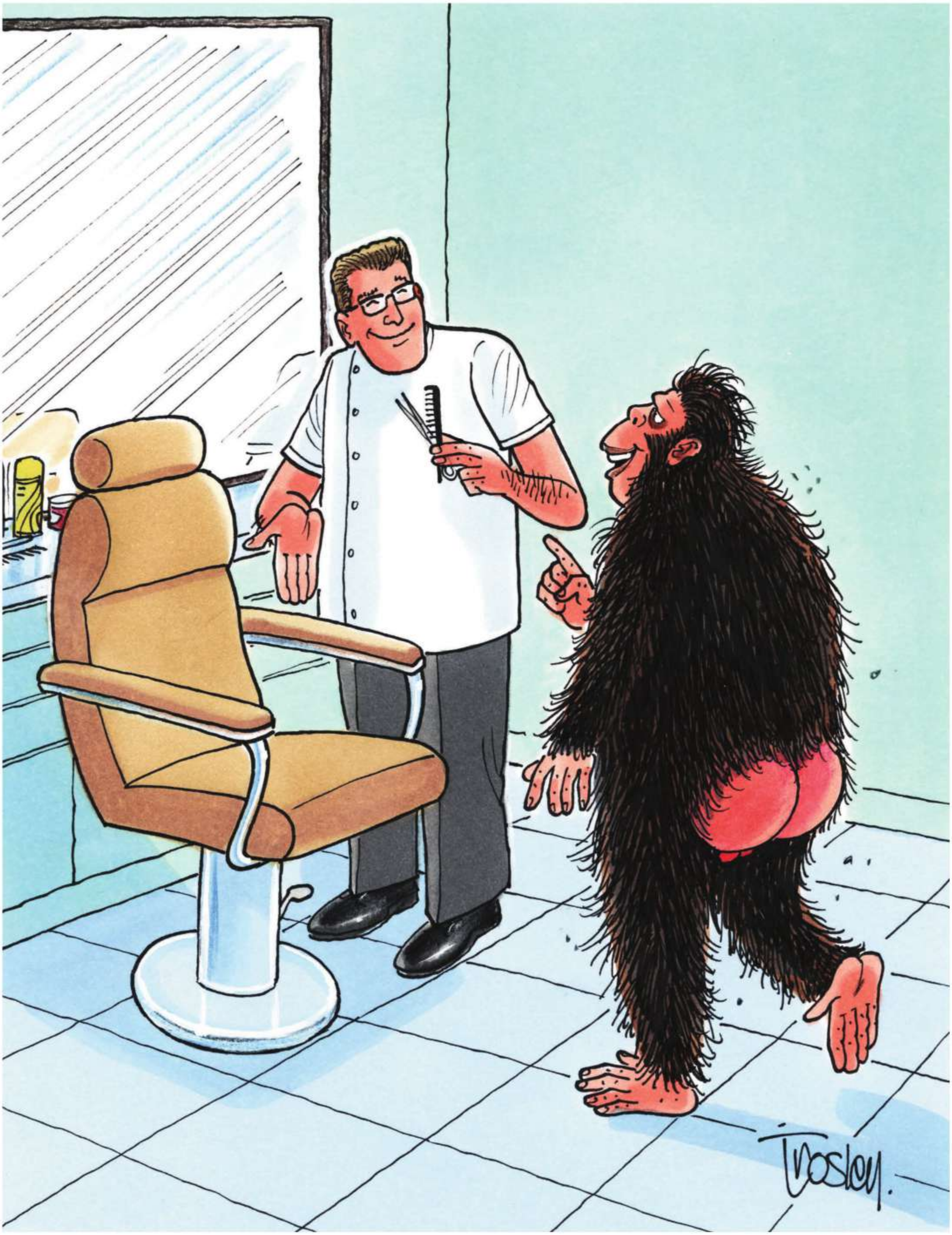
GRAFFILTHY



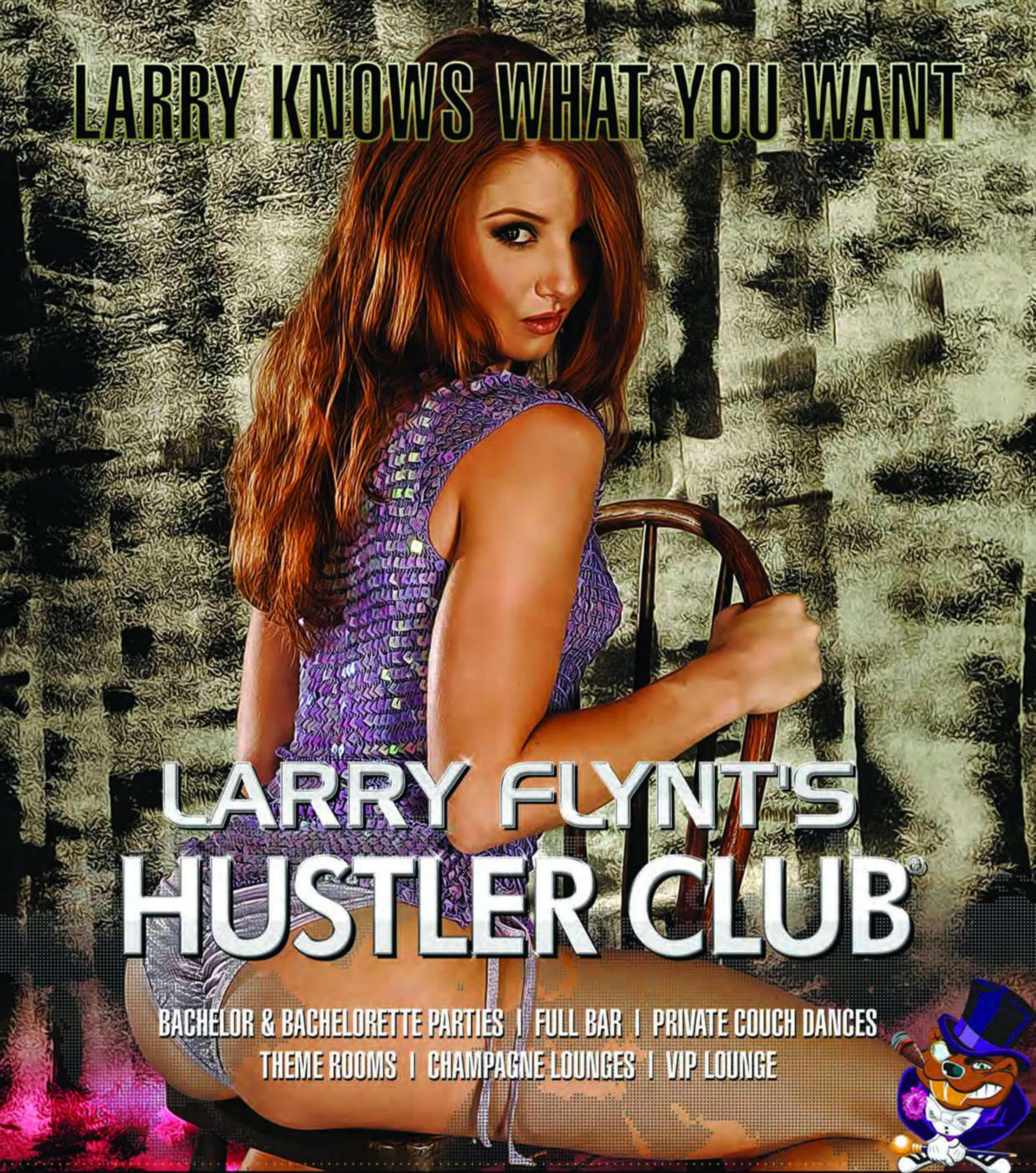
There once was a louse
named Weiner,
Who took dirty pics
of his peter.
He sexted young babes
And dug his own grave.
He's why a true dick's
called a Weiner.

Thanks and $50 go to B.K.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.* If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Trim the shoulders, style the chest, layer the legs
and a comb-over on my ass and balls."



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IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE

THE EX-HEAD OF THE IMF GETS A TASTE OF HIS OWN SHOCK DOCTRINE

by Lydia Lunch

In 2011 Dominique Strauss-Kahn was busted for alleged sexual assault against Nafissatou Diallo, a maid at the Sofitel Hotel in New York. The pathetic metaphor was lost on no one: The managing director of the International Monetary Fund (IMF)—which uses predatory loans to rape most of the planet—was personally exploiting an African woman. The alleged rapist got off with a civil settlement, but the case uncovered a pit of filthy secrets: Strauss-Kahn has since been linked to other forcible-sex incidents and an international prostitution ring. Punk-performance icon Lydia Lunch wields memories of her own exploitative past to reimagine the event—and what would have happened if she were the maid.

The flabby, lecherous fuck stumbles out of the toilet wearing a bath towel. He trips over his fluffy white terrycloth slippers, which bear the monogram of the upscale hotel in midtown Manhattan that was charged to the credit card bearing his wife's name. And at a tab of 3,000 big'uns a night, damn right! He is going to take them home for the terrier to chew on. He giggles like a little girl at his own buffoonery. But no time for humor! The lilting sound of a woman's voice in the next room reminds him of his manhood. His mission. He grunts. Then grins. Barreling down the hallway, he drops the towel, pumped up and power drunk on the smell of his own smegma.

I wish it had been me knocking on his door that fateful morning in early May. Don't snicker. One of the few stints of gainful employment to which I've played slave to a weekly wage was as a hotel maid in upstate New York. I needed cash and fast. I was underage but didn't look it. But I had to cover my ass. I paid 20 bucks for a fake ID, which changed my address, date of birth and gave me a new name. "Betty Lou Harris" sounded like a nice piece of Bible-thumping Southern white trash. It had the ring of a lonely runaway >>

PHOTO BY DARLA TEAGARDEN

in a Tom Waits song that glorifies diners and truck stops and the poor people that populate them. It looked good on my work application.

I adjusted my personality accordingly. Started snapping my gum. Calling people "darling." Wearing blue eye shadow. It also incited a new alter ego to develop. "Big Lou"...a ballsy brutarian who got off by beating the shit out of drunken frat boys as they stupidly fumbled for their wallets or keys on the way home from a booze-soaked beerfest.

Whatever. I got the job, was given a uniform, a nametag and a cart loaded with carcinogenic disinfectants. I popped uppers, perfected speed cleaning, pilfered through businessmen's luggage and pocketed whatever cash or jewelry I could find. I often left little mementos behind, hidden in the bottom of the suitcase for the wives back home. A pair of girl's soiled panties. A tube of lipstick. Half a joint. A love letter written in florid scrawl.

LYDIA LUNCH IN *FINGERED*
PHOTO BY RICHARD KERN

Legendary singer, writer, actress and spoken-word poet Lydia Lunch is an art terrorist who has been confronting apathy and kicking its fucking teeth in for the past three decades. Her anthology *Will Work for Drugs* and her memoir *Paradoxia: Predator's Diary* have been published by Akashic Books.

I'M NOT SELLING NICKEL FOR DIAMONDS. OR STRIP MINING. NOT BREAKING ANYBODY'S BANK. OR BANKRUPTING WHOLE COUNTRIES. JUST TRYING TO KEEP MY NECK ABOVE WATER AS A PREEMPTIVE MEASURE AGAINST ONCE AGAIN HAVING TO DABBLE IN THE FINE ART OF LOWBROW PROSTITUTION.

It takes one to know one. A thief. A cheat. A seasoned con artist. Sure I've juggled, cajoled, finagled, pleaded, threatened, seduced, begged, borrowed and still steal to keep my neck above water. Short-shift grifts. Bait and switch. Petty penny shit. Hit and run. Nobody gets sunk. I'm not selling nickel for diamonds. Or strip mining. Not breaking anybody's bank. Or bankrupting whole countries. Just trying to keep my neck above water as a preemptive measure against once again having to dabble in the fine art of lowbrow prostitution. And it takes one to know one. A whore.

But if I sell sex for money, it's an honest exchange of cash for a specific service well rendered. Whereby I, as an independent solicitor, set the ground rules, a time limit and the conditions under which the arrangement will proceed. It is not to play pussy and line the pockets of a cartel of elite pimps who use the art of manipulation to seduce working stiffs into lifelong debt and an eternity of agony. As the johns are tricked into becoming the victim of an endless gang rape perpetrated by warlords and their army of corporate kleptos who get off on playing well-paid whore in service to the almighty cockocracy. Enough said.

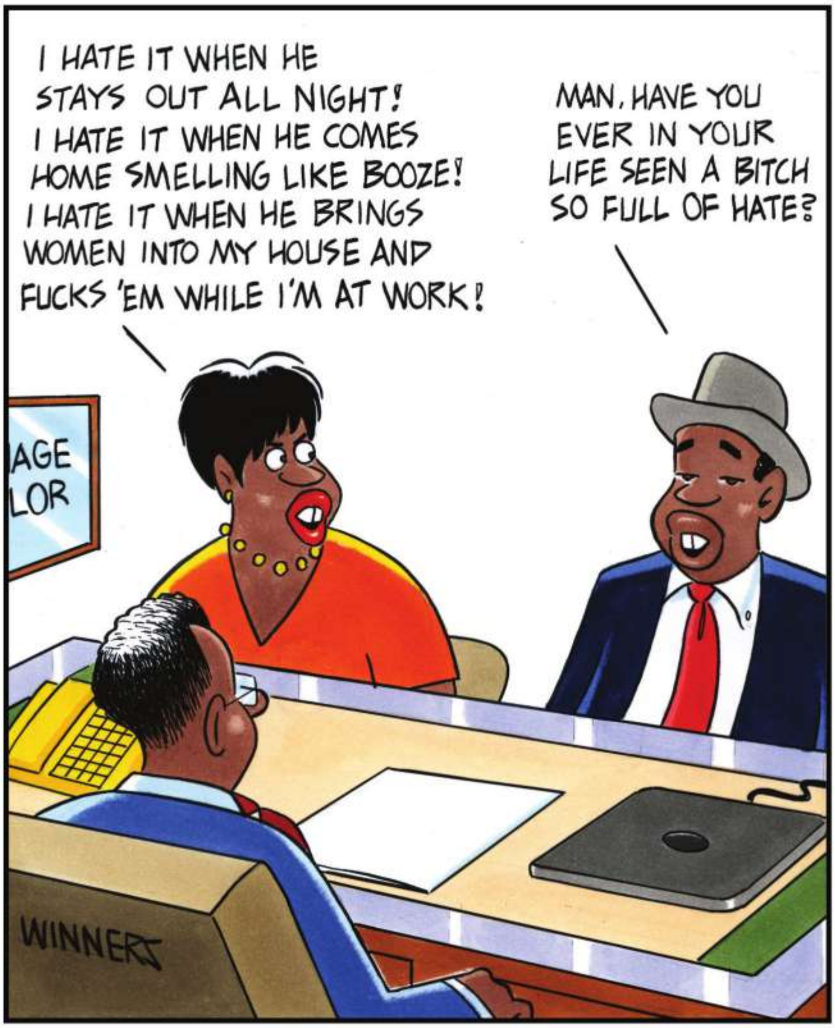
I wish it had been me knocking on his door that fateful morning in early May. Or better yet me and "Big Lou." Swiping the electronic master key into the slot on the door, calling out "Housekeeping" before entering, walking in with the vacuum cleaner in one hand and a spray bottle of disinfectant in the other.

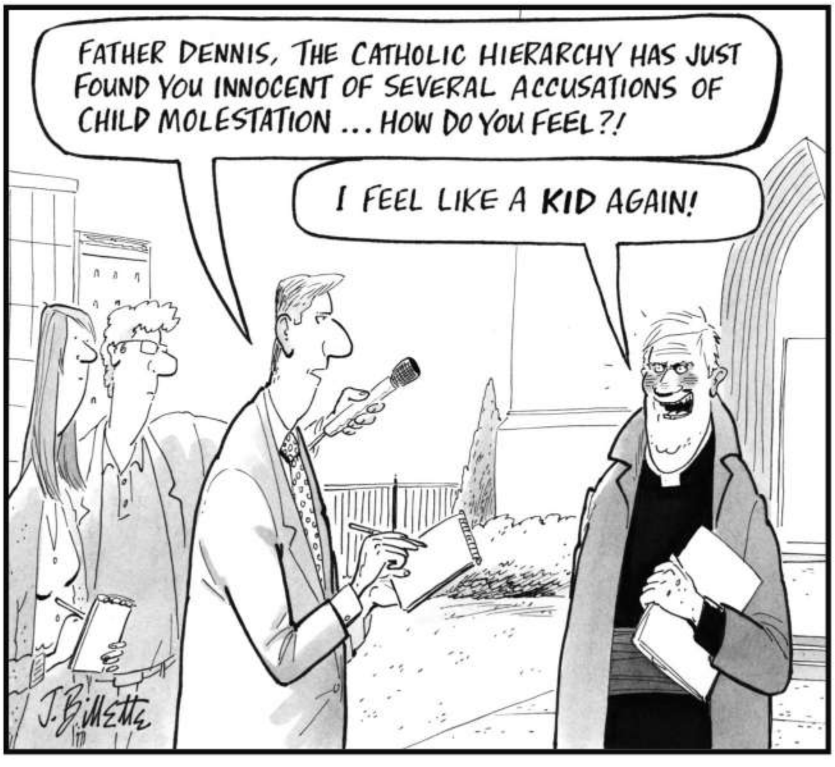
How priceless it would have been to employ my own shock doctrine. To gloat as the fear registered on the face of the "rutting chimpanzee" as he came rampaging out of the toilet. The look of a lifetime of arrogance and privilege instantly replaced with confusion and pain as a quick blast of sodium hydroxide scalded to red the gray jellied sack that swung loosely between his legs. How I would have been the one laughing like a little girl as "Big Lou" closed in for the kill and kicked his hands away from his crotch, his legs out from under him and blew the asshole a kiss as he crashed to the floor panicking. His screams drowned out by the vacuum cleaner as it slurped up his shriveled pinkie, giving him the blowjob of his life. Sucking as if to pluck out at the root, the canker of his soul, the poisoned malevolence thinly disguised under the milky skin of artful deceit.

And it takes one to know one. A deceitful cunt. I've been duplicitous at times. I won't deny it. I've shirked at revealing important details. Omitted facts and ulterior motives. Denied culpability. Insisted upon my own innocence even when obviously not. But such tactics were employed only to prevent unnecessary damage to the inquisitive party from the knowledge of my own crimes. Not from a Machiavellian imperative so deeply ingrained in the psyche that it has perverted even the neuroanatomy of the prefrontal cortex, resulting in the antisocial behavior of a slightly brain-damaged psychopath whose every word is so tainted with the corruption of treachery and deceit that to allow him even one more breath is to wittingly endorse the perpetration of an endless fraud upon countless victims the world over. Yes, I wish it had been me knocking on his door that fateful morning with the hopes of preserving what's left of the planet. And as token and in warning to the legion of corporate soldiers just like him, I would have kicked the motherfucker in the head until the rug ran red and I ran into the street laughing like a little girl. H

THE LOOK OF A LIFETIME OF ARROGANCE AND PRIVILEGE INSTANTLY REPLACED WITH CONFUSION AND PAIN AS A QUICK BLAST OF SODIUM HYDROXIDE SCALDED TO RED THE GRAY JELLIED SACK THAT SWUNG LOOSELY BETWEEN HIS LEGS.

PHOTO BY GETTY IMAGES


I HATE IT WHEN HE STAYS OUT ALL NIGHT! I HATE IT WHEN HE COMES HOME SMELLING LIKE BOOZE! I HATE IT WHEN HE BRINGS WOMEN INTO MY HOUSE AND FUCKS 'EM WHILE I'M AT WORK!
MAN, HAVE YOU EVER IN YOUR LIFE SEEN A BITCH SO FULL OF HATE?
AGE
LOR
WINNERS


FATHER DENNIS, THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY HAS JUST FOUND YOU INNOCENT OF SEVERAL ACCUSATIONS OF CHILD MOLESTATION ... HOW DO YOU FEEL?!
I FEEL LIKE A **KID** AGAIN!
J. Billette

HAZE HER #4

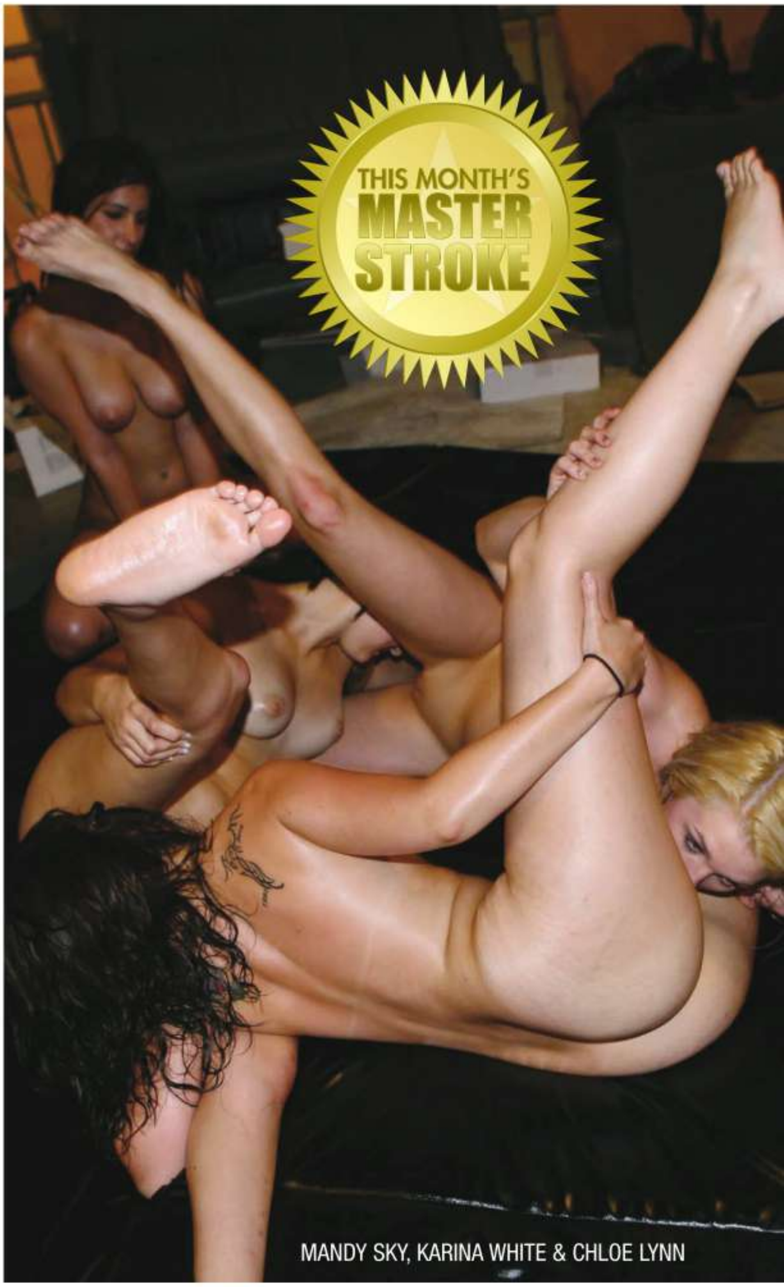
MORALLY CORRUPT. STARRING: ABBY CROSS, JENNA J. ROSS, BRADY PAIGE, NICKEY HUNTSMAN, BLAKE WEST, IZY BELLA BLU, JORDANA HEAT, LARENA SUMMERS, TIFFANY LANE, CHLOE LYNN, MANDY SKY, MILA GABOR, KARINA WHITE, RANIE MAE, SABRINA TAYLOR & PLENTY MORE.

Who knows why it took us until the fourth installment to catch up with this nasty little series from the aptly named Morally Corrupt? Maybe we're just too civilized. This one starts with a "Rush Sale" in which dudes bid on stripped pledges like they're pieces of meat. (Your daughter's probably doing this in her college dorm right now.) Then they bust out the double-sided dildos, which makes for pussy-dripping fun all around. (The butt-bumping bit is cuter than kittens in a fishbowl.) The next vignette, "Snitches Are Bitches," features a batch of fresh fish tormented by their sorority sisters and oiled up in a wrestling pit for some slimy face-sitting and pussy-eating. Choice snatches of dialogue include "Make me come now, bitch!" and "Shove your face in her ass!" You also get the beloved sorority hits: boob-test humiliation, ass-eating centipede and forced-dyke initiation. No wonder chicks are bitter and angry when they get out of college; it ain't just the student-loan debt! As far as we know, the *Haze Her* flicks aren't being collected by the local art institute, but they are the current gold standard in sorority porn. So watch 'em now, bitch. ***—Mark Johnson***

BRADY PAIGE, ABBY CROSS & NICKEY HUNTSMAN

BLAKE WEST, RANIE MAE, TIFFANY LANE & JORDANA HEAT

CHLOE LYNN


THIS MONTH'S
MASTER
STROKE

MANDY SKY, KARINA WHITE & CHLOE LYNN

MILA GABOR & LARENA SUMMERS

SABRINA TAYLOR & MANDY SKY

DIANA DOLL

SARAH JESSIE

CAN I CALL YOU MOMMY?

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MATT ZANE. STARRING: DIANA DOLL, SINDY LANGE, RILEY EVANS, ANGELA SOMMERS, AVRIL HALL, SARAH JESSIE, SETH GAMBLE, MARK ZANE, DANNY WYLDE & ANTHONY ROSANO.

Freud would have a fucking field day with this one. If borderline incest gets you throbbing like an Alabaman at a family reunion, then grab your dick and yell "Roll Tide!" This all-blonde six-pack of sexy MILFs with experience to match their appearance hammers home the mother-knows-best adage, especially when it comes to sucking off guys half their age. Slutty stepmoms Diana Doll and Sarah Jessie turn in scenes that will get you harder than Norman Bates at a knife shop. Table for Oedipus, party of boner! But this ain't just about stepmoms, so save some semen for the other balldraining cradle-robbers. When some moop shoots his mouth off to sorority housemother Sindy Lange (with the immortal "What are you, my mom?"), she gives him some oral discipline, Phi Beta Kappa-style. After a shower, bitchy Riley Evans can't find a towel, but an aftersoak slamming fixes her attitude. She may be annoying, but her scene's arguably this flick's finest fuck. Stripper Angela Sommers does her best to top Riley with a titillating tutorial in pussy-eating and toy play for pole-dancer-in-training Avril Hall. Don't keep Mother waiting. Order *Can I Call You Mommy?* now at 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. ***—Andy Parker***

RILEY EVANS

ANGELA SOMMERS
& AVRIL HALL

SINDY LANGE

TEAL CONRAD

JESSIE ANDREWS

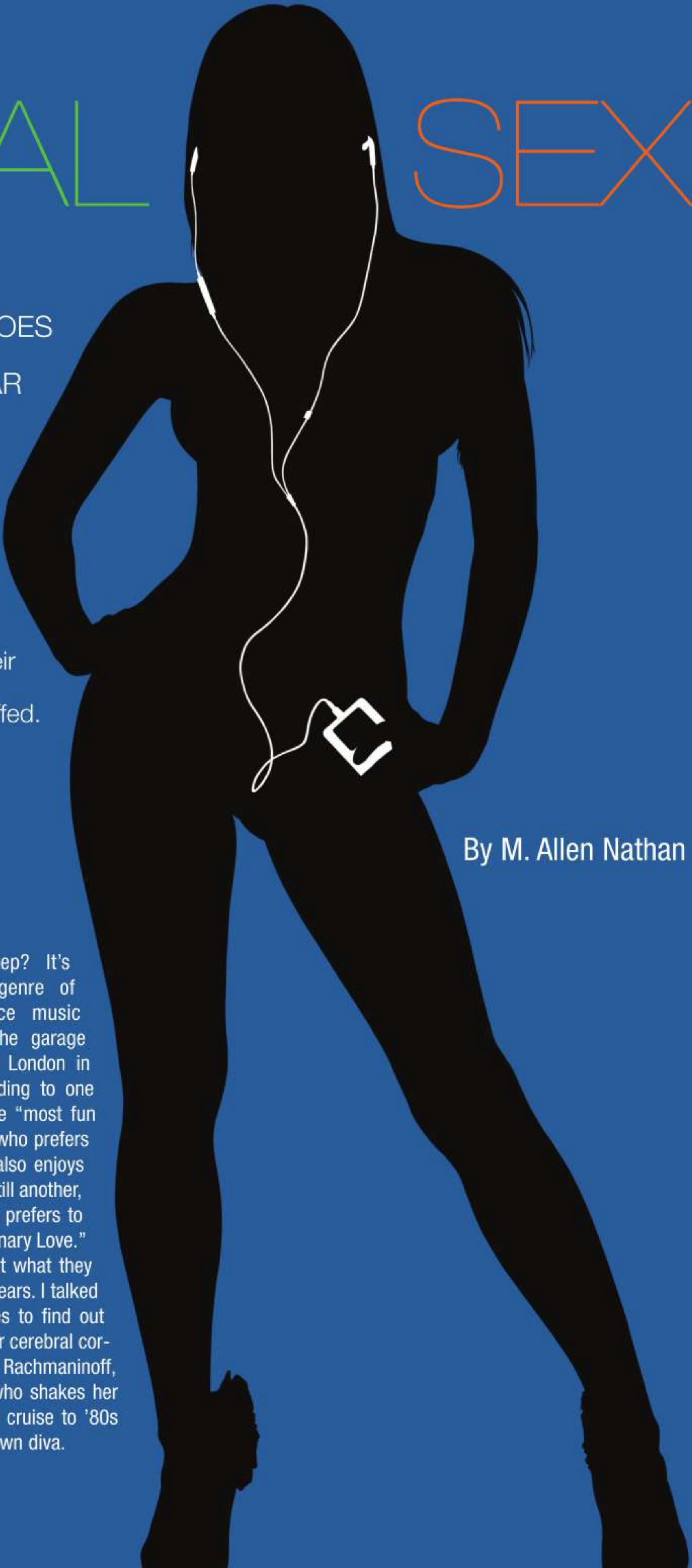
BEDHEAD...AND MORNING SEX

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** VAN STYLES. **STARRING:** TEAL CONRAD, ASA AKIRA, MADDY O'REILLY, JESSIE ANDREWS, RILEY REID, VOODOO, CHRIS STROKES, ALEX GONZ & MICHAEL STEFANO.

A message to the ladies: A man's favorite alarm clock is a nice morning blowjob. Sure, he'll be late for work, but he can always say to the boss, "Sorry, I was filling my hot girlfriend with a monster cumload." He won't get fired; trust us. Natural dick-hardener Asa Akira starts the day right by wrapping her holes around her breadwinner's pole until the sheets are covered in enough DNA for a whole season of *CSI*. She's always impossible to follow, but Maddy O'Reilly gives it a shot anyway. The chick who really gives Asa a run for her pussy juice, though, is Jessie Andrews. If you woke up with a giant dick and it was touching the back of this cutie's throat, you'd have to say, "You know what? I think I just won the game called life." Jessie, of course, turns in another state-of-the-art fuck scene that does her species proud. Take that, rabbits! Teal Conrad, one of the beauts spreading it in our May '13 issue, puts in an athletic performance, while seriously fuckable Riley Reid makes the most of her dude's morning wood. If Riley's quivering moans aren't real, she deserves an Oscar. We can guess what she'll do with it. *Bedhead* may not be all that original, but it's a better wake-up call than you ever got at the Motel 6. ***—M.J.***

MADDY O'REILLY
RILEY REID

AURAL SEX



WHAT DOES A PORN-STAR iPOD SOUND LIKE?

Six of the world's hottest fuckdolls reveal what they like in their ears when all their other holes are being stuffed.

By M. Allen Nathan

Heard of dubstep? It's a percussive genre of electronic dance music originated by the garage bands of South London in the '90s. According to one XXX star, it's the "most fun music to fuck to." Another XXX überhottie, who prefers her sex with no musical accompaniment, also enjoys electronic beats—but strictly for exercise. Still another, unless she's doing the dirty deed for cash, prefers to make love to one song only: Sade's "No Ordinary Love."

Porn stars are passionate not only about what they shove into their private parts, but also their ears. I talked to six of the industry's finest-looking ladies to find out what melodies pulse from their iPods to their cerebral cortexes. I discovered one babe who jogs to Rachmaninoff, another who cries to country music, one who shakes her booty to gangsta rap only, two others who cruise to '80s rock—and one with the soul of a '70s Motown diva.

Let's start with the iPod of America's porn sweetheart, **JESSE JANE**. Her name alone evokes the Old West—a down-home prairie girl who knows how to take care of a cowboy fresh off the dusty trail, i.e. fuck his eyes out with "Hey, Good Lookin'" playing softly in the background.

"I love country music," Jesse tells me. "Hank Williams, Tim McGraw, Waylon [Jennings] and Willie [Nelson]. And new artists as well, like Taylor Swift and Blake Shelton. I feel country. It's like it's sung *to* me, not at me."

Jesse's also a little bit rock 'n' roll. "I like bands that can put on a show," she explains. "Eighties rockers like Mötley Crüe, Poison and Def Leppard. But what I listen to depends a lot on my frame of mind. T-Pain, Young Jeezy, 2 Chainz. Rap's also great when I'm feeling it. But when I'm having sex, nothing gets me going like old-fashioned hard rock."

CHANEL PRESTON has a very specific iPod preference: classical. "I studied piano for a dozen years when I was a kid," she says. "It's given me an appreciation for Rachmaninoff, Mozart and Beethoven. Classical music can get my adrenaline pumping when I exercise and soothe me to sleep at the end of a long day. There's a reason these composers have lasted."

Chanel confesses that her tastes aren't totally stuck in the 18th century. She also listens to more recent classics: "Cat Stevens, Neil Young, The Beatles, Rolling Stones, Eric Clapton, all my parents' music. I adore them more than they do, I think. Bands with staying power. A lot of music that's around today will be in the garbage in 50 years."

When I press Chanel if she listens to any artists who haven't applied for their AARP cards, the musician in her elaborates. "I appreciate all kinds of talented contemporary artists," she tells me. "Rock bands like Band of Horses and electro-pop from bands like Cascada, deadmau5 and The Prodigy. I also think a lot of rap is very interesting. Three 6 Mafia, Lil Wayne and Jay-Z are some of my favorites if I'm feelin' gangsta. And I adore this new band I discovered at a club one night in Hollywood: Vanaprasta. They're a soulful rock band that's headed for the Grammys someday. You heard it here."

DYLAN RYDER has several thousand songs on her iPod because, in her words, "I need music. It helps me with whatever I need to deal with." For workouts, to get her blood pumping, she likes Danish punk band Laid Back and electronic musicmakers like Active Child, PANTyRAiD, The Postal Service and Tiësto. "When I'm feeling more mellow," she explains, "I listen to solo artists like Ryan Adams, Carrie Underwood, Kimbra and Lana Del Rey. When I need a boost, I listen to some seriously good rock music like The Black Keys and Death Cab for Cutie. And when I feel like I wanna shake my ass, I turn up the hip-hop and rap: Lil Wayne, A$AP Rocky, Statik Selektah, Yelawolf and Slaughterhouse."

Even before I ask, I'm sure Dylan will have the perfect bedroom soundtrack. She does. "I don't listen to music when I have sex," Dylan replies with a grin. "I listen to my partner. I just want to hear heavy breathing and dirty talk." >>

"I'm kind of a nerd when it comes to my musical tastes," confesses Lindsey Lohan lookalike **SCARLETT FAY**. "I like a lot of angry-girl music like Jewel, Phoebe Snow and Alanis Morissette. And I like a lot of artists who've been around forever, like The Beatles, Neil Diamond, Nirvana, Metallica, Emmylou Harris and Willie Nelson. Electronica strictly for exercise and '80s rock for road trips. I guess I'm adventurous when it comes to sex but not music."

I point out that just like sex, if it feels and sounds good, there's no right or wrong. "The problem with that is there's a limitless amount of music I want to collect," Scarlett replies. "I am always on iTunes. I buy and buy and buy. I have to remind myself not to spend my rent."

Onscreen, British MILF **TANYA TATE** howls and moans like a stray cat in heat, but in person she sounds a lot like one of her musical idols, Julie Andrews. "I just love her to death," Tanya confesses with a giggly Manchester lilt in her voice. "*Mary Poppins*, *The Sound of Music*, *Thoroughly Modern Millie*. I also like Andrew Lloyd Webber: *The Phantom of the Opera*, *Starlight Express*, *Evita*. I adore the spectacle of musicals, and I love humming a catchy tune."

A porn star loves humming? There's a surprise. I resist the easy pun and ask Tanya if she listens exclusively to show tunes. "I'm primarily an old-fashioned girl," she confides. (Another adventuress in the bedroom only.) "I like a lot of stuff from the '80s and Cream, Eurythmics, Fleetwood Mac, Led Zeppelin. When I go on a road trip, that's all I listen to."

"Any contemporary music on your iPod at all?" I wonder.

"Some electronic music for my workouts," Tanya replies. "And Sade's 'No Ordinary Love.' Whenever I hear it, I want to make love. Any guy I'm with when that's playing can generally get lucky."

"I should have been a '70s teenager," declares porn diva **MISTY STONE**. "Most of my iPod is filled with classic Motown: Marvin Gaye, The Supremes, Stevie Wonder, Smokey Robinson, the Four Tops, Gladys Knight. I love 'em all." Misty even sounds like a flower child from a bygone era, peppering her conversation with phrases like "can you dig it," "outasight" and "far out."

"I probably owe my musical taste to growing up in the U.K.," she explains. "Childhood was a bit rough. Music was an important part of shaping my personality. I identified with artists who inspired me. That's why I was drawn to the amazing R&B and soul performers at Motown."

Misty also likes current artists who, in her words, "are empowered by their talent. It helps me with my swagger." It's no surprise that Misty has a serious selection of Beyoncé, Mariah Carey and Katy Perry on her iPod, along with rappers like Pimp C, Trey Songz and Tha Dogg Pound.

What about music to make love to? Porn stars are less than unanimous on whether it's something with a beat or old-school grunts and groans. "Me? I gotta have music," Misty maintains. "Dubstep is great. Or either R. Kelly or Jeremih. That's serious pants-dropping music!"

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award winner. The frequent HUSTLER contributor also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.

PHOTOS BY DDG PHOTOGRAPHY

CHARMAINE
GLOCK

LOCATION Kent, Washington **AGE** 24
PROFILES Twitter: @CharmaineGlock, Instagram: @CharmaineGlock

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Charmaine Glock is as wild as she looks. Born in the Philippines and raised in Seattle, Washington, the "sassy tattoo model" and popular webcam teaser admits she made some bitter enemies in high school when she fucked a classmate's boyfriend. "This group of girls hated me for that," Charmaine recalls. "They egged my house and crank-called me. I think they're all single mothers now though, so who got the last laugh, bitches?"

Thrilled about not being tied down by parental responsibilities, Charmaine can do whatever the hell she wants. "My girlfriend and I were in L.A., and we both were super drunk. We met up with this guy and tag-teamed him in bed. I'd never done anything like that before. I love to be roughed around. I love to bite! I have a biting problem, especially when I'm drunk! I just love hurting people in a good way."

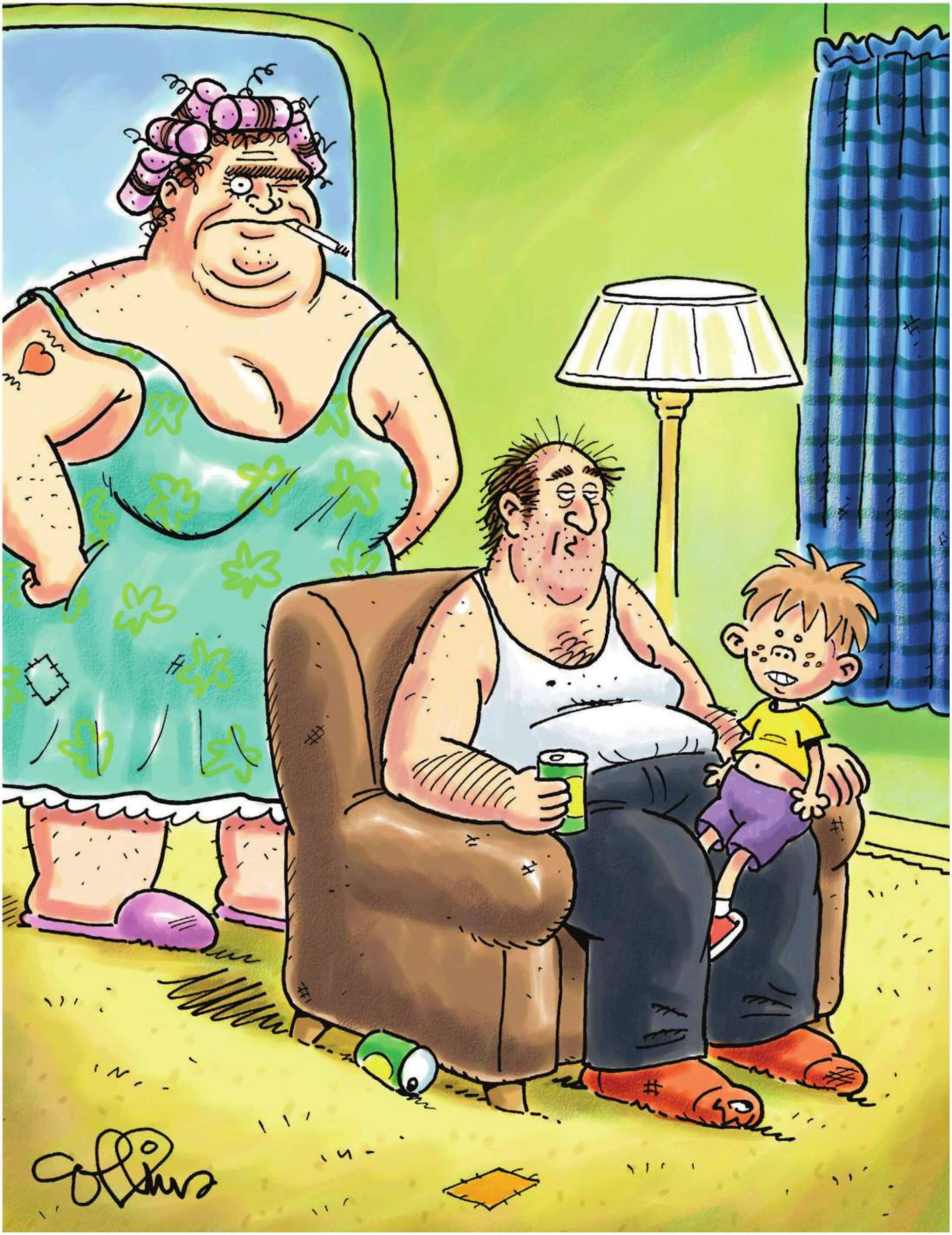
Charmaine Glock is one straight shooter.

RIKKI
SIX

UNSTOPPABLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

Rikki Six is back! Exactly one year ago, this scorching blonde made her stroker mag debut in HUSTLER and the response was massive. We still get letters about her being one of our most photogenic, dick-stiffening chicks ever. The pages of your last Rikki layout are probably all stuck together, so we brought you a new one—this time with a dick (**Evan Stone**) deep in her savory slit.



"Where did you come from? Hell, I don't know.
I was drunker than shit at the time."

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Stop wasting time and cash in bars
Start Chatting
We've found really great, cute girls
who just want the same thing you do...
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WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

NATILY TAYLOR

"I want to have sex with a stranger who catches me relaxing in the woods without any clothes on."

"I feel I can benefit from this experience," says Natily Taylor, 18, a "fun, relaxed and bi-curious" waitress from Truckee, California. "I am discarding my shyness if someone wants me to pose naked." The 5-foot-6 newbie's interests include "writing, drawing, Insane Clown Posse, shooting at gun ranges and riding horses," but two others are more interesting. "I love giving blowjobs and having sex in a shower," naughty Natily asserts. *—Photos by Kickback Productions*

"I love it when a guy eats me out, then fucks me at the last minute before I come."

FIENYX FLAME

Facebook.com/Fienyx.Flame | Fienyx_Flame@Live.com

"I've admired the sexy ladies in HUSTLER and wanted to be one myself for a long time," proclaims Fienyx Flame, 19, a "high-energy performer and certified mechanic on the side" from El Paso, Texas. "Being published will make my fan base blow up!" Demolishing any hint of modesty, the 5-foot-7 Breaking Benjamin and horror-flick fan fesses up, "I love getting screwed in crazy places. I've had sex in the back of a movie theater, in a tree house and on the hood of cars in the repair shop I used to work at." Fienyx touts, "I'm super flexible, so I can twist myself into fun positions, and I'm amazing at deep-throating. I love surprising my guy with a blowjob while he's watching a Cowboys game." Game for more public forays, Fienyx coos, "One of my fantasies is to have sex on the beach in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico." *—Photos by Almost Sinful Images*

ALANA LUV

SPOTLIGHT

"I love HUSTLER and am very comfortable in my skin," trumpets Alana Luv, 30, who was born in Russia but has spent her whole life in New York City. "What better way to build my name up than to be naked in the best magazine there is?" Admittedly "an open-minded people person," the 5-foot-4 working girl "creates amazing bonds" at northern Nevada's Moonlite BunnyRanch. "I am very passionate, sensual and sexual," she confides. "I especially love foreplay. My mouth does magic as well as my vagina. Yes, I love to please. My favorite position is on top so I can see my partner's enjoyment, and I orgasm hard." Alana can also be laid-back: "I enjoy spending time with my family and friends, dancing, shopping, cuddling and movies. My faves are *Old School* and *The Fast and the Furious.*" Wrapping things up, Alana notes, "Marilyn Monroe described me to a tee: 'Sex is part of nature. I go along with nature.' She also said, 'I have too many fantasies to be a housewife. I guess I am a fantasy.'" —*Photos by Lance Kincaid*

"Seeing a big smile on my partner's face is very rewarding to me!"

"I hope I get the pleasure of meeting and pleasing all of my fans and followers. I love creating a happy and smiling environment... by getting naked in my bedroom or wherever a man or woman wants some magical Alana Luv."

Twitter: @BunnyAlanaLuv | AlanaLuv@ymail.com

NAIYA

"I don't have a significant other. It's a good thing I love playing with myself."

Our next scrumptious entrée is Naiya, 19, a "fun and seductive" waitress from Reno, Nevada. Besides being standout eye candy, the 5-foot-4 sweetie has other virtues. "I listen, understand and know how to please people in the right ways," Naiya explains. "It helps me get big tips." Not having a significant other, she also pleases herself: "My favorite pastimes are gambling, snowboarding and playing with myself. But if I'm dating a dude, I'm very aggressive and passionate." Naiya's fantasy is "to fuck in a casino while playing a slot machine." How fitting. She has a very nice slot and companion attributes. *—Photos by Friend*

ALI CAT

"It may sound bratty, but I love attention," admits this "driven, extroverted, humorous and eccentric" 21-year-old collegian out of Charlotte, North Carolina. What merits Ali Cat's attention when the business major isn't hitting the books or waitressing are drawing, writing, swimming, clubbing, *Breaking Bad*, *Weeds* and cartoons. But the 5-foot-5 single gal "with a big heart" discloses, "My favorite hobby is sex, and I like it rough—slapping, biting, bondage and role-play. That's why I hope to meet a guy who is super nice to me but beats the ever-living shit out of me in bed." As for modeling nude, Ali Cat concludes, "I want to enunciate the fact that sex sells. Contrary to popular belief, I want to prove that a girl can use her body *and* her brain to profit."

—Photos by Friend

Facebook.com/Ali.Cat.9693

"I am bi-curious, playful and extremely submissive. When it comes to sex, I have a big heart."

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Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published **Date images were produced (month/date/year)**

Date of birth **Model's Social Security number** **Occupation**

Telephone (include area code) **Personal e-mail address**

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***Real College Girls* applicants: check box below.**

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Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

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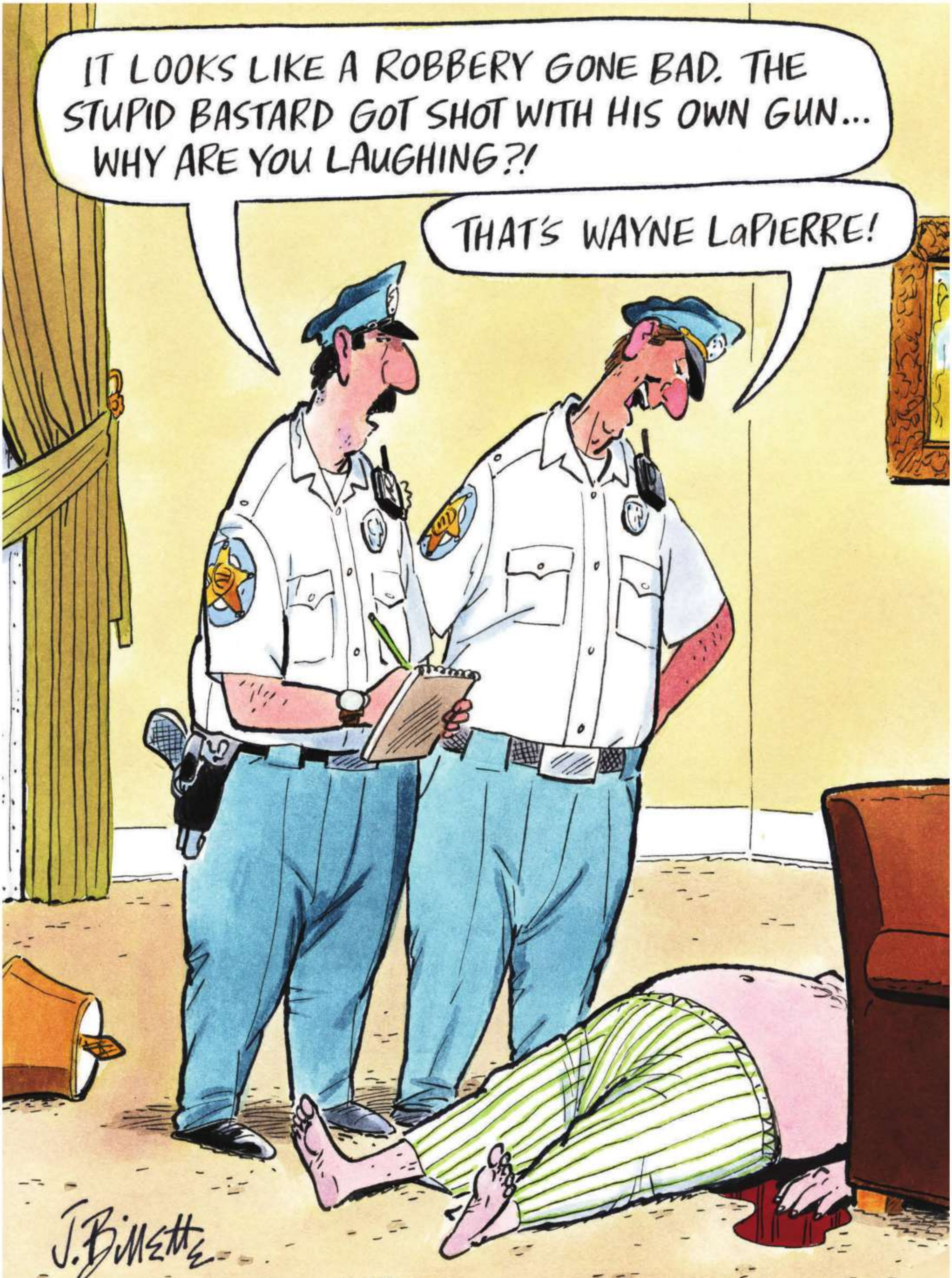
IT LOOKS LIKE A ROBBERY GONE BAD. THE STUPID BASTARD GOT SHOT WITH HIS OWN GUN... WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?!
THAT'S WAYNE LaPIERRE!
J. Billette

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AND THE SEXIEST
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Come inside and see what you can get them to do!
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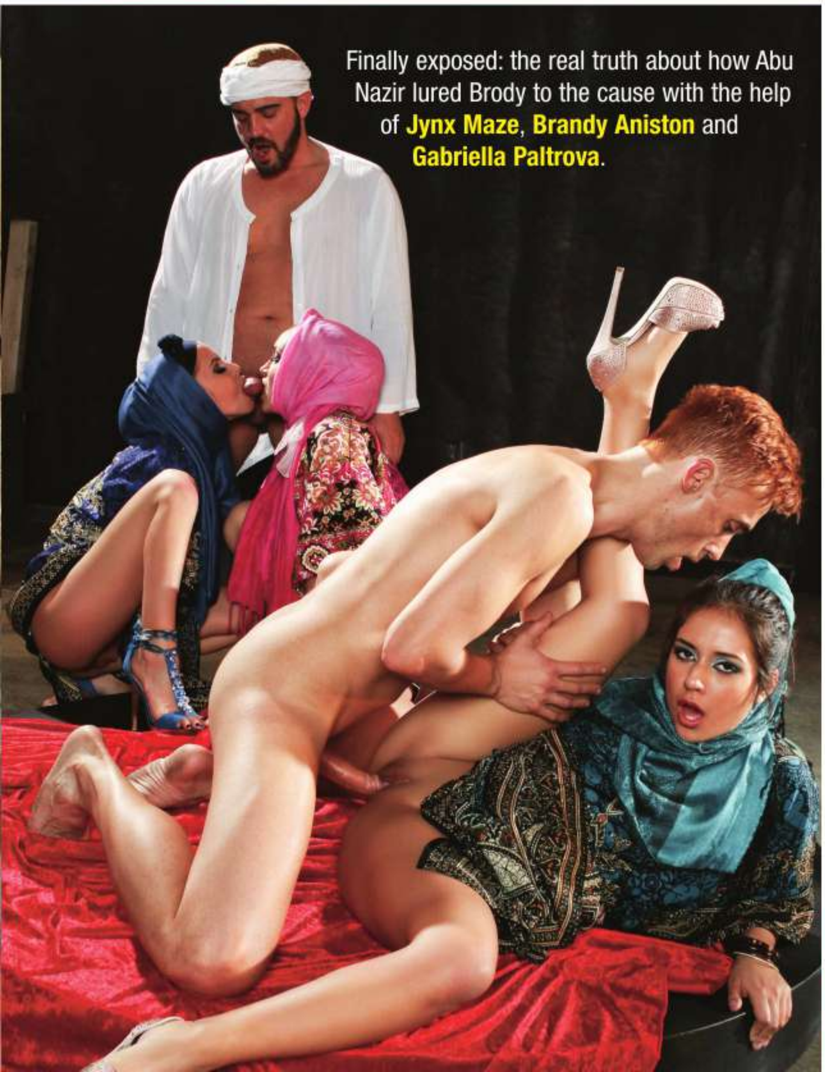
Agent Carrie Mathison (**Tara Lynn Foxx**) uses some covert cocksucking to tap a source.



Finally exposed: the real truth about how Abu Nazir lured Brody to the cause with the help of **Jynx Maze**, **Brandy Aniston** and **Gabriella Paltrova**.

Brody's hot wife (**Dana Vespoli**) keeps the home fires burning with his best friend.

Carrie (**Tara Lynn Foxx**) proves she'll do anything to secure an asset.

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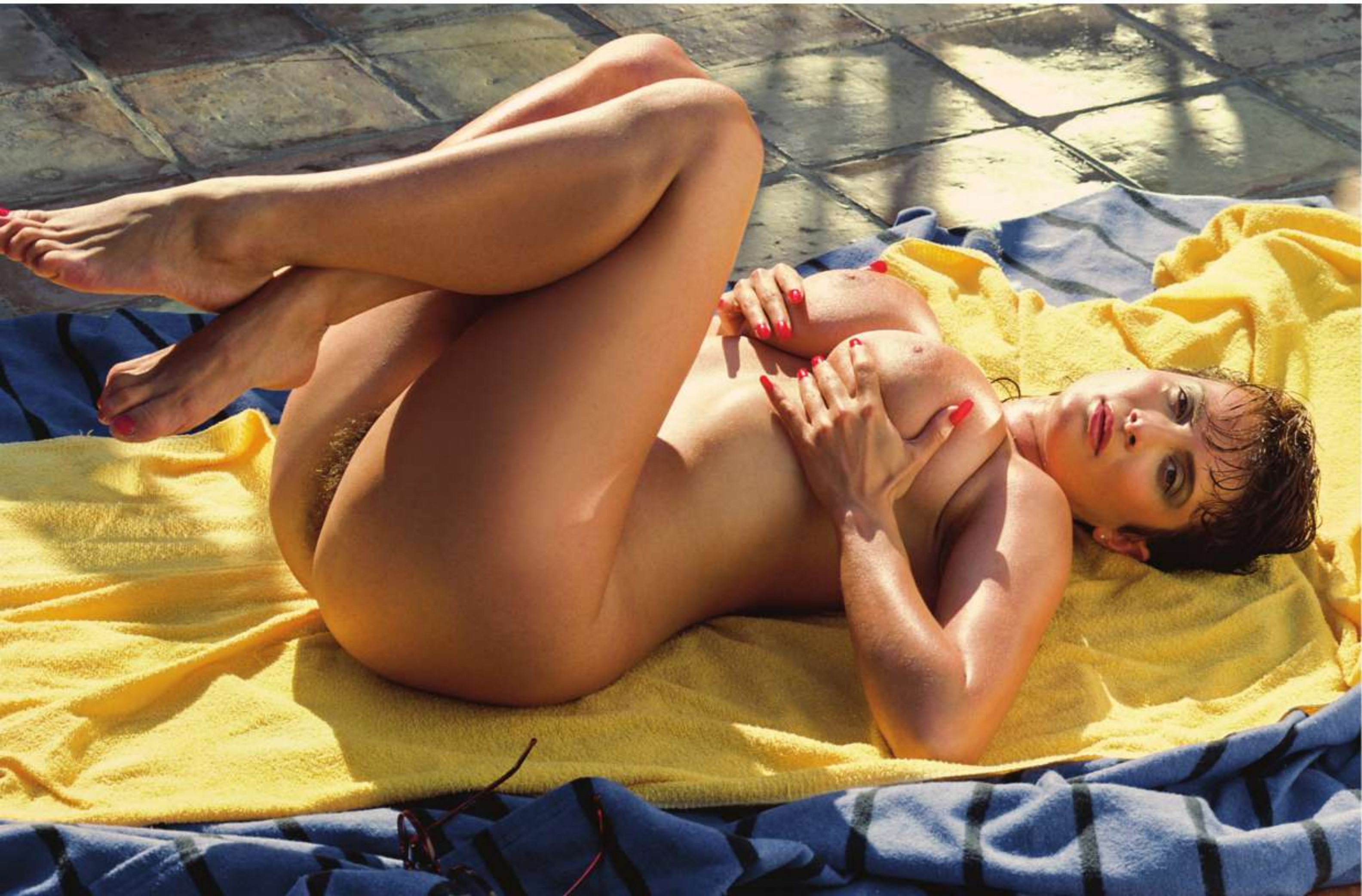
JACQUELINE

ENDLESS SUMMER

HUSTLER CLASSIC SEPTEMBER 1986
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES



Jacqueline follows the sun. Relaxing on the coast of France, she wishes there was somebody to share her Riviera reverie. But the men in her life must always take a backseat to her travels. Sighs the solar groupie, "I'd rather go a month without a man than a day without sunshine."

COMING SOON

COMIC-CON CONFIDENTIAL

We scouted out the most sex-crazed cosplay chicks at the San Diego extravaganza and paid them to strip and get dirty. Kapow!

GEEK LOVE

Podcasting phenom Sex Nerd Sandra gives us a horny show-and-tell with a little help from strip-happy pupil Penelope Stone.

VISIONS OF ERICA

Legendary model and XXX director Erica McLean has done it all and then some. Get ready for her most ambitious endeavor yet.

TOPLESS FREEFALL

Jesse Jane and her fearless femme friends jump out of a plane over Las Vegas with their boobs a-flappin' for your gawking pleasure.

CASSIDY
CRUISE

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